The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1926 NUMBER 623

Contents

The Week 308

Editorials
- The United States and European Peace..... 312
- The New British Delusion..... 314

General Articles
- Are the Ruhr and Lorraine Reunited?..Guy Greer 316
- Learning by Living.....Martha Gruening 319
- Still Life.....Edmund Wilson 322
- Three Plays.....Stark Young 323
- Question (verse).....Louis Untermeyer 324
- The Bandwagon 325
- Variations on a Landscape.....E. W. 325
- "Vivid" and His Pals.....Robert Littell 326

Correspondence 328

Reviews of Books
- A Gentleman in Parliament..Robert Morss Lovett 329
- The Ordeal of History.....C. E. Ayres 330
- Culture Charting.....Robert H. Lowie 331
- Tropic Death.....Robert Herrick 332
- A Curious Marriage.....Ernestine Evans 333
- A Wise Man of the East.....D. B. Woolsey 333

The Week

THE ELECTIONS of 1926 have fulfilled expectations. The country has gone somewhat wet and partly Democratic. What has come to be a tradition of American politics has been fulfilled by the swing away from the party in power at the mid-term voting. This does not necessarily or even probably indicate a Republican defeat in 1928, though the blow to the prestige of President Coolidge, particularly in the defeat of Senator Butler in Massachusetts, has been heavy and may prove decisive in causing him not to run again.

THE Republicans have retained at least nominal and probably actual control of the House of Representatives, though with their majority much diminished. They have lost the Senate. As we go to press it is not yet certain whether the Democrats have achieved an actual majority, but they have gained at least seven seats, giving them control by a wide margin whenever they combine with the progressive Republicans as they are certain to do on many important issues. Mr. Coolidge, as a result of this situation, will be afforded a convenient alibi for his failure to put through his legislative program in the next Congress if he should decide to be a candidate. He can plead that the hostile Senate tied his hands, and this excuse is likely to be accepted as valid by the American people.

SENATOR BUTLER'S defeat at the hands of the voters of Massachusetts is a political fact of the first importance. It may have the effect of eliminating President Coolidge as a candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1928. It has the appearance of a deliberate repudiation of the President by the Republican voters of his own state. Mr. Coolidge has himself invited this interpretation. When he was informed that Mr. Butler was likely to be beaten, he personally rushed into the breach and did all that he could to surround Mr. Butler by the halo of his own prestige. He wrote to the Republicans of Massachusetts that just as they had never failed him before he trusted they would not fail him now. Yet they did fail him and one startling fact makes the failure the more complete. On the Saturday before the election all the Republican newspapers in Boston conceded Mr. Walsh's victory. Their object obviously was to make it painfully clear to the Republicans who proposed to vote for Walsh that a vote of this kind would inflict a personal humiliation on the President. Nevertheless the voters persisted. It looks consequently as though the Republicans of Massachusetts have almost maliciously spanked Mr. Coolidge in spite of his own warning that he would regard a spanking as a personal humiliation.

THERE are, however, qualifying circumstances which take away some of the sting of Mr. Coolidge's humiliation. The newly-elected Senator, Mr. Walsh, conducted his campaign on the theory that he was fighting Senator Butler rather than the President. He reiterated in all his speeches that good Republicans could vote for him without repudiating the favorite son of Massachusetts. It is an amusing consequence of his shrewd tactics that the victors in the contest must now place a totally different interpretation on the victory from that of their defeated opponents. According to the Democratic propaganda it is only Mr. Butler who has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been beaten. On the other hand, the President's Republican associates must, if they are consistent, insist that the President's own fortunes have collapsed with those of his intimate friend. Of the two views, that of the Democrats is probably nearer the truth. The President certainly invited a spanking and he got it. But it was Senator Butler's personal unpopularity combined with Mr. Walsh's personal popularity which was responsible for what has happened. The Republican voters who had decided to oppose Senator Butler refused to be swerved from voting against him by an irrelevant personal appeal from Mr. Coolidge, and by their refusal they have vindicated the independence of their political judgment. Mr. Coolidge's personal humiliation is not, consequently, as flagrant as he and his friends have proclaimed it to be. The Republicans of Massachusetts, while loyal to their former governor, will not allow him to dictate their personal political decisions. They are keeping cool with or without Coolidge.

NEVERTHELESS Senator Butler's defeat will encourage Mr. Coolidge's opponents in his own party to contest his renomination. There are at least four prominent Republicans who would be glad to run against him provided any one of them or the whole four had a fair chance of preventing his victory on the first ballot. They will now feel fully justified, when the time comes, in trying to take delegates away from Mr. Coolidge. How far they will succeed is another matter. As we see it, the President could even now enter upon such a fight with a much better chance of success than any one or all of his opponents. But will he be willing to pay the price of such a contest? It is stated on good authority that he is really hesitating. He would probably accept the nomination if it could be handed to him without opposition, but rather than undertake a sharp, bitter and doubtful contest he may prefer to accept retirement with a large part of his prestige and popularity still intact. What choice he will make still remains to be seen. Mr. Coolidge, to his credit be it said, is the kind of man who is capable of voluntary abdication. The election of 1926, confused as its meaning is, may foreshadow to his mind a disloyal disposition on the part of the Republican voter which will render much more uneasy the head which in the future wears the crown of Republican leadership.

IT WAS written that Governor Smith of New York would be reëlected by a huge majority. His opponent, Mr. Mills, put up a vigorous fight, but there is no reason to believe that his attacks ever robbed the Governor of the support of any large number of voters. Al Smith's popularity in his own state is undiminished and is unique in the history of American politics. His supporters among the voters have given to him a succession of the most extraordinary personal tributes which any American political leader has ever received. He succeeded in pulling in with him not only almost the whole Democratic state ticket but the candidate for United States Senator. Judge Wagner's election is a most welcome footnote to the biography of Governor Smith's triumph. The new Senator will represent a more progressive and vibrant fraction of the people of New York than Senator Wadsworth, his defeated opponent, has represented. Wadsworth's strength has come from the support of the kind of citizens who vote blindly in favor of Republicanism as the bulwark of business prosperity and political immobility. He was the dogmatic enemy of every generous and forward-looking idea. Judge Wagner on the other hand represents the more impressionable city voters who are not anything for long and who are easily beguiled by the Republican prosperity hounds but who are open to conviction and are not afraid of social experiments.

MACHINE politics won over decency in Pennsylvania and Illinois, though the issue of corruption in the primaries evidently played a part in reducing the normal Republican majorities in both states. In Pennsylvania, Vare polled only about half the vote achieved by his teammate Fisher, the candidate for governor. In Illinois though Smith was victorious the normal Republican margin seems to have been reduced by about two-thirds. It now rests with the Senate to decide whether men nominated as were Smith and Vare are fit to be seated.

THE election enhanced the availability of at least three Democrats as Presidential candidate two years hence. First, of course, comes Gov. Al Smith of New York. Governor Ritchie of Maryland, also reëlected, is another potential contender, and Gov. Victor Donahey of Ohio is the third. Ex-Senator Atlee Pomerene, also of Ohio, who on the basis of incomplete returns seems to have been defeated decisively by Senator Willis, has thereby lost his chance at the 1928 nomination. Among the Republicans no potential Presidential candidate emerges from the election returns, although the blow to Mr. Coolidge's prestige necessarily encourages the supporters of Lowden, Borah, Hoover, Dawes and, no doubt, Nick Longworth.

THE outcome of the election in Illinois does not alter our opinion of the shameful alliance between the Anti-Saloon League in that state and Frank L. Smith. The League knew that Smith had accepted $125,000 from Samuel Insull, public utility king of the Middle West. It knew that Smith, as public utility commissioner, was in a position to make rulings affecting the value of Insull's properties by millions of dollars. Nevertheless it endorsed and worked for Smith, and thereby condoned as shameless and open a connection between big business and government as has been seen in this generation. The Anti-Saloon League has confessed that it is not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interested in honest administration. It has, we believe our readers will agree, forfeited the respect of all good citizens. We are glad to report that there is reason to believe it has eliminated itself as a factor in Illinois politics for a long time to come.

IT is high time to make certain things a matter of record—this paragraph is written before seeing the election returns. We expect that the Democrats will gain strength in both Houses of Congress, probably enough strength to thwart the Coolidge administration. We expect—as a totally independent phenomenon—that business will be less active in 1927 than in 1926, perhaps considerably so. All this year we have been pointing out certain dangers which seem now to be materializing—a drop in building, automobile production, foreign trade, and hence in steel production and other basic industries—this situation being aggravated by the lack of increased purchasing power among farmers and wage-earners to absorb continuously the large output which industry is capable of making. But we expect that the Republican politicans will attribute the diminution of prosperity when it occurs to the success of the Democrats in this election and the partial repudiation of Coolidge economy and prosperity which it involved. We expect that this will be made the strongest Republican plank in the Presidential election of 1928. As a result, the Republican party is likely to come into full power again, as it has many times before, to save the nation from evil times occurring during an opposition's suzerainty. And, to predict further, good times are likely to come again after bad, and the Republicans to take the credit.

MILLIONAIRE used to mean an extraordinarily rich man—one who owned property valued at a million dollars or more. How little it means now is shown by the report of the Internal Revenue Bureau on income taxes paid for 1924—not a very prosperous year for many people. Seventy-five taxpayers actually had annual incomes of a million or more—a larger list than since 1915, 1916 and 1917—the years of extraordinary war profits. If we assume that the net income represents as high an average return on the property as 5 percent, there were 21,531 millionaires in 1924, who received an aggregate of $2,304,703,000 income—or about one-thirtieth the total income in the United States. For further light on the distribution of income we may note that while returns were filed by between 6 and 7 percent of the population, which is equivalent to about one-sixth of the gainfully employed, the net incomes received by those filing returns aggregated $25,656,153,000, or between a half and a third of the total income in the United States. Another instructive fact is that of the $190,337,000 income of the seventy-five richest men the largest item—$102,739,000—came from dividends, the next largest—$50,661,000—came from sale of assets, the third largest—$10,589,000—came from interest and investment income, and, to skip numerous other items, the smallest of all—$681,396—came from tax exempt bonds. How much do you suppose the government gained in tax receipts, and industry gained in "productive investment," by the tax reform which reduced the temptation of these gentlement to hide their fortunes in tax exempts?

THE conclusion of Dr. C. J. Galpin of the Department of Agriculture that living standards of some European farmers are better than those of some farmers in the United States should be noted by those European commentators who are now looking to American methods as an example to be followed in creating prosperity. Doctor Galpin, who has just visted thirteen European nations for the purpose of this survey, finds a distinct improvement in agricultural status over that of thirty years ago. "The common idea that European farmers live in hovels in poverty is no longer accurate," he says. "Conditions are bad in some cases, but there is a great number of farmers abroad whose living standards are comparable with what we have in this country." A hint of how this improvement was obtained is given in the statement that European farmers "are demanding greater economic recognition and are calling for reforms through legislation the same as farmers in this country. They are adopting coöperation, and making it secure by special efforts in education of the adult farm population." In return for the missions of industrialists seeking our secret of manufacturing prosperity, let us send a few missions to find out how agriculture does so well in a war-ravaged continent.

IS France planning to turn over the Syrian mandate to Italy? Persistent rumors have come from the European capitals in the past week that this is so. The quid pro quo has even been named: France is to be supported in her North African policy, which means that Italy will cast no covetous eyes on Tunisia and will not encourage Spanish ambitions in Tangier. These rumors as to Syria have been denied; but there is nothing inherently improbable about them. The French are heartily sick of their disastrous venture. They cannot afford the expense of the war which they brought about through the insane folly and cruelty of their administrators under the mandate. The whole enterprise has thus far been a liability, not an asset, and there is reason to suppose that this condition will continue even after Syria has been "pacified." Mussolini, on the other hand, would find several advantages in taking over the mandate—assuming, of course, that he could get the assent of the League of Nations. He could make terms with the Druse without "losing face," as the French feel they would do. He could present to the Italian people the new colonies he has been grandly offering them without knowing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how to make good on his promise. He would find himself one step nearer to being overlord of the Mediterranean, which is his ambition. If the new venture brought about a war with Turkey as is more than possible—well, a war now and then is an excellent thing for a dictator. It keeps the population from dwelling too much upon troubles at home.

On Saturday, November 13, Mr. Justice Brandeis will celebrate his seventieth birthday. It is worth while on this occasion to congratulate him upon the kind of service which in his present capacity he is rendering to the American people and the American people on the integrity, the legal ability and the practical wisdom which he has brought to his present work. He has brilliantly vindicated the good sense of Mr. Wilson in appointing him and the confidence of his admirers in fighting for his confirmation. His technical performance during the ten years on the bench has earned the respect of his former adversaries while at the same time he has consistently opposed the existing tendency to emasculate traditional process of adapting the Constitution to meet the major economic and social needs of the American people.

THE short session of Congress will be a busy one; and it is reasonable to suppose that many excellent measures will be trampled to death in the rush. One which should not meet that fate is the bill continuing the federal appropriation under the Sheppard-Towner act. As most of our readers are aware, this law, providing joint expenditures by the federal government and the states for child welfare, has been in operation since 1921. Forty-three states and Hawaii have taken advantage of its provisions. Public health nurses have been introduced into parts of the country where they were unknown before; hundreds of children's clinics have been opened and thousands of ignorant parents taught the laws of hygiene which (despite the belief of Senator Jim Reed and others like him) are not instinctive among mothers. In fact, the mother-love on which Senator Reed would prefer to depend kills off about five babies out of every ten when it is unaccompanied by any degree whatever of expert knowledge, as it is in the interior of China for instance. The usefulness of the clinics made possible by the Sheppard-Towner act is shown by falling mortality rates among mothers and children in those states which are both in the registration area and under the operation of the act. It is true, as enemies of the appropriation point out, that death rates are also low in the states which have failed to take advantage of the law; but they neglect to add that these five states—Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas, Maine and Massachusetts—have long been well advanced in medicine, sanitation and hygiene, a fact which no doubt was largely responsible for their decision not to accept the proffered federal aid.

AT the last session of Congress, the question of renewing the federal appropriation came up and the House voted funds for another two years. The Senate however wished to limit the expenditure to one year. The friends of the project not unnaturally objected to this, believing that the record of achievement under the Sheppard-Towner act has been such as to justify more than a twelve-months' continuance. The result was that the whole matter was left in the air when Congress adjourned and it will come up again in December. An element in the situation which may or may not prove important is the introduction into the Congressional Record by Senator Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware of a document, taking up thirty-three pages of small type, purporting to set forth the views of the directors of the Woman Patriot Publishing Company, not only on the Sheppard-Towner act but on nearly everything else under the sun.

THIS document asserts that the bill is an attempt of "communists and socialists" to get control of the children of the United States for their own fell purposes, namely, not merely to nationalize but to internationalize them (whatever that means) and, of course, to bring about a "Bolshevist revolution" in this country. It purports to find the same "communist and socialist influence" behind the Children's Bureau, the national child labor amendment, and the proposal for a federal department of education. Among the organizations which are avowed to be "socialistic, communistic or radical" are the National League of Women Voters, the National Woman's Party, the National Women's Trade Union League and the National Education Association. Equally vicious and absurd allegations are made against numerous individuals who have incurred the displeasure of the board of directors of the Woman Patriot by supporting some or all of these measures.

THESE charges are so absurd that it might be argued they are self-defeating; but we cannot forget that the national child labor amendment was fatally crippled by arguments equally silly and false. We therefore urge our readers to support the renewal of the appropriation in every way they can. There are many progressive Americans who hesitate to endorse measures of this general character because they believe there are grave dangers in the present tendency toward centralization of government. Even those who take this position, however, can hardly espouse the doctrine of states' rights pure and unalloyed when it means only the right of the states to let many thousands of mothers and babies die needlessly, through sheer and easily removable ignorance.

EDMUND WILSON has joined the editorial board of the New Republic. Miss Elinor Wylie has become a contributing editor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The United States and European Peace

AGAIN European statesmen seem doubtful whether they can mitigate the danger of war without depending on the United States for essential assistance. When Herr Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, and M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, met early in the autumn at Thoiry, they considered what they could do to remove the remaining sources of conflict between their countries and they decided to begin by accelerating, if possible, the French evacuation of the German Rhenish provinces. But there were grave obstacles. The occupation is legal and, public opinion in France being what it is, the troops could not be withdrawn without compensation. There was, however, one price which Germany could pay and which France might accept. If the French government could obtain from the sale of German reparation bonds sufficient cash to assist the stabilizing of the franc and the increase of its value, the Chamber of Deputies might consent to an early evacuation of the Rhineland. But the bonds would have to be sold to a large extent in New York, and it was doubtful whether the American government and public would coöperate in carrying out the plan. According to recent accounts the two statesmen decided to ask for coöperation as a test of American good faith. If the American government and people really wished, as they alleged, to contribute to European pacification by any means short of assuming political responsibilities in Europe, this was their opportunity.

Messrs. Briand and Stresemann did not push their project to a decision. They did not formally ask for the coöperation of the United States. But it is clear that if they had asked, they would have been turned down. The President was far from sympathetic to the idea and financiers questioned whether the American public would buy the bonds. Thus the American nation would have failed to pass the proposed test. It would have refused at a critical moment to make its indispensable contribution to European pacification.

The two European statesmen have, in our opinion, no right to interpret the foreshadowed rejection of the Thoiry project as a proof of American international irresponsibility and hypocrisy. They should remember that after the experience of the last ten years, Americans may well feel suspicious when Europeans demand in the name of civilization and peace that they toe the mark or damn themselves as slackers and hypocrites. Frequently since 1914 European statesmen and journalists have issued a similar challenge, but whenever this occurred they were usually trying to shift on the United States the burden of their own errors, failures and faults. If they could bring America into Europe on their side, they would no longer need to sacrifice their own national projects and interests to the cause of European peace. They called for American assistance not to consolidate and stabilize a just and enduring European public order but to place overwhelming force behind some unstable compromise or decision which was favorable to themselves.

The notorious illustration of a demand for American help, which was advertised as indispensable to European peace but which would really have perpetuated a state of moral war, was the proposed American guarantee of the French frontier against German attack. If the United States had agreed to such a guarantee, the Locarno treaties would have been unnecessary to French security. They would never have been negotiated, and Europe would at present have been less pacified than it is. On the other hand these treaties, once they were negotiated without American help, pointed to an alliance between European recovery and American non-intervention. They were not only an affirmation of the unity of Europe which would gradually serve to mollify the separatist interests and antipathies of its several nations but also a declaration of independence with respect to America. It was almost the first evidence that its signatories instead of calling upon the United States to safeguard them against attack were willing to sacrifice some part of their own freedom of action in return for a similar self-denying ordinance on the part of their neighbors.

Americans in whom these memories and suspicions linger should, however, admit that the Thoiry project was an improvement on some of its predecessors. It was an intelligent and honest attempt to carry on the work of positive reconciliation which was begun at Locarno. The logic of Locarno demanded some measure of economic union for the whole European continent and specific agreements among its states which would assuage existing sources of friction. An indispensable condition of a more friendly relationship between France and Germany was the evacuation by the French army of the German Rhenish provinces in advance of the nine more years stipulated in the Treaty of Versailles. When, consequently, Briand appealed for American coöperation in furnishing to the French people a quid pro quo for evacuation, he was certainly asking for help in removing in a wholesome way a genuine threat to peace. It is quite possible that in the end this and some other obstacles to European pacification cannot be removed without American financial assistance.

But the time has, in our opinion, not yet come. The Thoiry agreement called for American coöperation in the necessarily prolonged and precarious process of allaying German grievances against France too quickly. The presence of the French troops in Germany is no doubt a violation of the whole spirit of Locarno, but the price which Herr Stresemann consented that Germany and America

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pay for their early withdrawal is excessive. Germany cannot afford to give up the protection which the transfer provisions of the Dawes plan would afford in meeting the interest of the railroad bonds in New York and London, and it would be unsafe for American investors to buy them until the recovery of Europe is more assured and until something is done to clear up the grave ambiguities in the reparations settlement which the Dawes plan left hanging in the air. The early sale of $400,000,000 of German railway bonds in England and America and the transfer to Paris of 52 percent of the cash would have had two results. It would have compromised the ability of Germany to maintain the mark at or near par and it would probably have encouraged the French government to increase rather than diminish the price of future concessions. It is dangerous until further concessions are made to improve the bargaining power of France. As yet she has yielded only to irresistible pressure. The political and financial structure which she erected on the foundation of the Treaty of Versailles proved to be utterly untrustworthy, and she is being compelled to rebuild. But if the pressure were released she might falter. A gain in financial security on her part which comes, not from a complete liquidation of the war liabilities but from the fruits of American loans, will weaken the motives which have induced her to adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards Germany.

We have no desire to belittle or to disparage the vast improvement which has recently taken place in the foreign policy of the French Republic. Mr. Sisley Huddleston, one of the most intelligent English correspondents in Paris, considers it "impossible to mistake the new temper in France." Certain powerful French politicians are proposing "nothing less than a genuine Franco-German rapprochement," and the arguments upon which they base this proposal are dictated, not by the future welfare and security of Europe, but the future welfare and security of France. M. Jules Sauerwein has recently stated them in the Matin, a paper which cannot be accused of indifference to French national interests. His major premise is that the Franco-British entente has failed as the basis of French continental policy. France should not abandon it, but she should broaden it. She cannot, as she has proposed, use it as an instrument for the permanent weakening of Germany. The inference is inevitable that Germany must be admitted into the Entente. "Nothing," declares M. Sauerwein, "can prevent her (Germany) from playing a leading part by the side of France and England." But the admission of Germany into the Entente will involve also the scrapping of the French post-war system of Central-European alliances. "The policy," says M. Sauerwein, "which consisted in making a part of Europe a permanent safeguard against Germany is no longer possible today. It is less possible because France *is financially enfeebled* [italics ours], Italy disquieted and Russia disquieting." Words such as these from such a source indicate that an intelligent estimate of realities, instead of fear, self-pity, self-illusion and self-magnification are again having some influence on French policy.

But if France really desires a rapprochement with Germany, she will and should have to pay a heavy price for it—a heavier price undoubtedly than she is now mentally ready to pay. She must be willing to renounce practically all the discriminations against Germany, except disarmament, which she put into the Treaty of Versailles. The military occupation of the Rhineland and sequestration of the Saar is meaningless unless she intends to provoke German enmity and invite German retaliation. Her old policy has so completely failed and her present position is so weak that she is not entitled to insist on the letter of the Treaty and to demand compensation for waiving her rights. Her legal rights are equivalent to moral and political wrongs whose exploitation is incompatible with any sincere desire to conciliate the German nation and re-admit it into the councils of Europe as the equal of herself and Great Britain. France was forced to accept the Dawes plan and to withdraw from the Ruhr practically without compensation. The bankruptcy of the alternative policy plus the pressure of her financial weakness will force her in the end to give up similarly without compensation all the other strangleholds on Germany which her statesmen inserted in the Treaty of Versailles.

It is well for the present to wait patiently for the fruit to ripen. Public opinion in France is moving in the right direction, but it is moving under the pressure, as M. Sauerwein says, of financial weakness. If that pressure is eased up before the French people realize and are prepared to pay the price of a genuine rapprochement with Germany, they may begin to act once more as if France could survive only by feeding on the carcass of her traditional enemy. The Thoiry project has, we are told, itself been dropped by the French government because in the opinion of M. Poincaré it committed France to an excessive surrender of her legal rights. If this is so, it is France rather than the United States which proved recreant under the challenge of Thoiry. It was faulty not because it went too far but because it did not go far enough. Its success might have impeded a further advance in the same direction. After the evacuation of the Rhineland there will remain still another insuperable obstacle to the pacification of Europe, viz., the legal right which France and Great Britain still possess to collect reparations from Germany for an indefinite period and practically for indefinite amounts. Until they are willing to abandon this claim, they cannot without hypocrisy demand American financial sacrifices in the interest of European peace. The American investor would be asked to throw good money after bad. But if they ever are willing to consider the complete liquidation of the remaining liabilities of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the War, and then appeal to the United States for the indispensable financing of the project, they would issue a challenge which the American nation could not refuse. If it did refuse, Europe would be justified in calling it harsh names and in repudiating its admitted obligations to this country.

The New British Delusion

A RECENT article by Philip Kerr in the London Nation formulates more precisely than we have seen it formulated elsewhere a theory of American prosperity which is rapidly becoming accepted in England and is not without its counterpart in this country. This theory seems to be the outcome of a number of unofficial visits which have been made recently by British observers to a few of our large employers and bankers, of a reading of the works of Henry Ford, and more deeply, of the disposition of those in serious trouble to grasp at panaceas which seem easier than facing unpleasant facts. The theory is, in our opinion, a dangerous delusion—all the more dangerous in that it systematizes certain well known and universally admitted facts. Englishmen who entertain it will merely postpone the amelioration of British conditions.

Mr. Kerr answers his own question, "Can we learn from America?" by the assertion that Britain can prosper by imitating the attitudes of American capital and labor toward industry and toward each other. "The root of Great Britain's economic difficulties is not the conditions created by the War, for these are passing away, but the irreconcilable conflict of idealism and conviction between capital and labor about the fundamental principles upon which industry itself should be conducted. The foundation of the prosperity of the United States is not its natural resources, though these are of great importance, but the fact that there is almost complete agreement between capital and labor as to the basic economic principles which must be followed if the whole community is to enjoy full employment at a steadily rising standard of living."

This universal agreement consists in the acceptance of three principles, according to Mr. Kerr—first, that it is beneficial to adopt as rapidly as practical "every new scientific discovery, every new invention, every labor-saving device," second, on the part of employers and capitalists, that the highest wages possible should be paid "which are warranted by the skill of the individual workman" and that a steadily rising standard of living should be provided to the workers so that they can consume the increasing product of industry, and third, on the part of labor, that labor will benefit most if capital earns good profits, and hence should cooperate with the employer to secure the most efficient work by every man and machine.

There are two chief difficulties with this theory—first, that it is not an accurate picture of the industrial scene in the United States, second, that it would not, even if practiced, be sufficient to restore prosperity to Great Britain or to maintain it in the United States, without important additions.

Anyone who had the least acquaintance with the economic history of this country before the year 1923 would see at once that the theory does not fit the facts. Let us take, for instance, the one item of wages and standards of living. All the good statistical evidence goes to show that there was no improvement in the average real wages of American wage-earners in the twenty-three years between 1896 and 1919, and that during that period real wages were sometimes below the level of 1896. While the principle of wages referred to by Mr. Kerr was during this period occasionally set forth, in primitive forms, by labor, it was not accepted by employers or anyone else except possibly politicians who, in defending the protective tariff, talked of a mythical prosperity of the workingman. There was, to be sure, a generally accepted belief that standards of living should rise, but it was a corollary of this belief that they should rise by the ascent of the individual in the economic and social scale. "Opportunity" was the watchword of American meliorism.

During the War, with the rapid rise of prices, the activity of industry and the shortage in the labor market, certain readjustments became at once necessary and possible. Two wage principles were urged by the more liberal-minded and practiced perforce by others. One was that a drop in real wages should be prevented by increasing money wages as rapidly as the cost of living rose. This, of course, involved no improvement in standards of living, and brought about for the most part only a tardy adjustment of wages to prices. The other principle was that those workers having the lower standards should be raised to a certain minimum—not much above the "minimum of subsistence." The hesitating and partial application of these moderate principles brought an outcry from employers and many others, which sought to put the blame for the rising cost of living on high wages.

When deflation began, there was a concerted and powerful movement on the part of employers and financiers to "deflate" wages as prices fell. The justice and necessity of thus denying to labor any advance in real wages was thought by the economically ruling classes to be self-evident. It was freely predicted that prosperity could not return as long as wages and prices were "out of line." Only a happy combination of circumstances, not any general intention on the part of employers, brought it about that in the depression period wages fell less than retail prices. One of the reasons for this result certainly was the determination of organized labor to resist wage reductions to the utmost, coupled with the determination of many employers to avoid unionization or destroy unions already in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their establishments. Where unions controlled, they were able to mitigate the wage reductions. Where they did not control, the employers feared to reduce too drastically while preaching the advantage to labor of a non-union policy. It was during this deflation period that the greater part of the post-war increase of real wages occurred.

Further increases in the wage average came with the industrial revival of 1922 and 1923—a period in which stabilized prices accompanied a tightening labor market. The rise of the average in this period was chiefly a matter of the more highly skilled and unionized trades consolidating for themselves the same percentage gains over pre-war levels that had previously been won by the less skilled. Since 1923 there has been no marked increase in real wages.

We believe this jump of wages to be a real factor in our present prosperity, but we do not believe it is likely to continue indefinitely.

Organized labor, Henry Ford and a few other liberal employers genuinely believe in the economy of high wages. Organized labor does not believe, however, that high wages come automatically with improved productivity or by universal good will of employers. Its bitter experience has taught it otherwise. It has accepted the principle that improved productivity, invention and the rest of the modern industrial technique make higher wages *possible*—though not inevitable. It has experimented with specific coöperative agreements between trade-unions and employers. But it fears with good reason that the present era of apparent good will is but a lull in a never-ending struggle for the division of the proceeds of industry. Most of the spokesmen of the employers who now preach the economy of high wages are simply making a virtue of a necessity. In a period of generally good profits it is easy to be generous. Since relatively high wages exist, employers like to take the credit. The test will come either when labor becomes strong enough to demand another forward jump in real wages or when another industrial depression enables employers to call for reductions.

But if Mr. Kerr's genial observations were based on reality, should we not be protected against future trouble? Hardly, because the basic conditions under which productivity can be progressively increased, and wages along with it, do not universally or automatically come into being. It was easy for Henry Ford to practice his philosophy, for the automobile industry was capable of rapid expansion to fill a new want—a want which will some day become stabilized at least to the growth of population. Has Mr. Kerr carefully examined our shoe industry, our cotton and woolen industries, our coal industry? These all show signs of illness, of illness which cannot be cured merely by technical improvements in productive processes, of illness which persists regardless of the degree of organization of labor and its philosophy. It merely happens that the sickness of such industries does not affect our body economic as much as similar ailments in Great Britain, because of our greater and more varied resources and the earlier stage which we occupy in their exploitation. We are rich enough and young enough to be able to ignore such things for a while; Great Britain is so no longer.

The industrial history of both nations reveals, in the long view, a rapid and careless exploitation of natural resources by the new techniques based on the physical sciences. In the earlier periods of such exploitation, enterprise runs wild and perhaps can be allowed to do so without much permanent damage. In the later stages a strategy in the direction of industry for the benefit of the whole community must be devised. In case this strategy can be applied soon enough, serious disaster may be avoided. The danger is that industry will become topheavy with insoluble problems before its development is adequately controlled. We are not certain but what this is the case in England, and that it is too late for any measures except such heroic ones that they might kill the patient. We heartily approve of good industrial management, increase of productivity, high wages. But does any informed person seriously believe, for instance, that these specifics could have been successfully applied to the British coal industry without a fundamental reorganization of ownership and control? It is just because coal management is not and cannot be efficient under present circumstances that labor feels the necessity for a revolutionary change—hence the "class conflict" which Mr. Kerr deplores. In saying that the socialistic philosophy of British labor is largely responsible for the plight of British industry, Mr. Kerr is putting the cart before the horse. Unless American labor can over a period of years gain such influence in the control of American industry and such wisdom in controlling it that our industrial managements are able to avoid the pits of private enterprise, our labor is likely to become equally revolutionary. Certainly the danger cannot be avoided by refusing to take seriously such projects for national efficiency as the British Labor party has espoused.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT EDMUND WILSON

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY ELINOR WYLIE
GILBERT SELDES E. C. LINDEMAN LEO WOLMAN
WALDO FRANK

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are the Ruhr and Lorraine Reunited?

AFTER years of intermittent negotiations, the steel makers of Germany, France, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar Valley have reached an international agreement which has been hailed in the American and European press as the reunion of the coke of the Ruhr with the iron ore of Lorraine and the greatest steel trust the world has ever seen. According to the news despatches, which contain few details, the essential features of the convention signed on September 30 are as follows:

Beginning October 1, 1926, and for a period of five years, the five groups of steel makers named above have agreed to limit their aggregate annual output to 27,528,000 tons, with a possible increase to 30,000,000 tons and a possible decrease to 26,000,000 tons. The production quotas have been fixed according to the following percentages: Germany, 43.18; France, 31.19; Belgium, 11.63; Luxemburg, 8.23; Saar Valley, 5.77. Each group is to deposit one dollar in a common fund for every ton of steel produced within its allotted quota. For each ton produced in excess of the quota a penalty of four dollars is to be paid, while a refund of two dollars will be made for every ton which any given group fails to produce of its allotted percentage of the minimum of 26,000,000 tons annually. A collateral agreement between France and Germany provides for the exchange of Ruhr coke for Lorraine iron ore. Apparently no definite agreement has been reached or even attempted for either the allocation of export markets or the fixing of prices. While only the four countries named and the Saar are participants in the convention, the way has been left open for the adherence of Great Britain and for the smaller steel producing countries in central Europe.

In the space available for this article it will be possible to examine the new development only in its bearing on the reunion of the Ruhr and Lorraine and the formation of the widely heralded continental steel trust, with a view to a tentative appraisal of how far it is likely to fulfil the expectations of its more exuberant commentators in the daily press.

I

A proper perspective for such an appraisal requires an understanding of the situation existing in the iron and steel industry of western Europe before the War. In order to decide whether the convention just drawn up constitutes a great steel trust based upon the coal of the Ruhr and the iron ore of Lorraine and the economic reunion of those two great complementary reservoirs of raw materials, we should be in a position to compare the main features of the present organization with those of the mighty industrial system which formerly existed in the same territory.

It is not an exaggeration to assert that prior to August, 1914, the Ruhr coal and the Lorraine iron ore supplied the material foundation for the most compact and highly organized industrial system in existence. Northwestern continental Europe was one of the three great centres of iron and steel production of the world (the others being in the United States and Great Britain of course), and owing to a bountiful supply of coal available for power production it was also the heart and centre of the industrial system upon which the economic structure of modern Europe was based. Mainly it was a German system, in which was included Luxemburg, although France and Belgium, through the dependence of their metallurgical industries on the iron ore of Lorraine and the coke of the Ruhr, were important participants. Germany, through her highly integrated Ruhr-Lorraine steel plants and the great Deutscher Stahlwerksverband, dominated and set the pace for the steel industry of continental Europe much as the U. S. Steel Corporation dominates and sets the pace for the steel industry of America.

Under German direction the Ruhr and Lorraine formed essentially a single economic unit. This was true even for that part of Lorraine which was French, since there was no economic or political hindrance to the free movement of iron ore or coal and coke across the Franco-German frontier. The two regions supplying raw materials were welded together by a highly efficient system of railway transportation and by two types of combination in the steel industry, popularly known as "vertical" and "horizontal" trusts. Almost without exception the great steel companies of Germany were organized vertically; that is, they were integrated. They had their own coal mines in the Ruhr and their own iron mines in Lorraine, and they had blast furnaces and steel plants and plants for turning out all manner of iron and steel products in both regions, depending upon their own notion of the most efficient arrangement. For the most part the finishing plants were in the Ruhr in order to be near the fuel supply. These same companies were organized horizontally into a great syndicate for limiting output and for marketing steel products, the Deutscher Stahlwerksverband.

In the vertically organized or integrated concerns there was no question of agreements to exchange coal or coke for iron ore. The company sent its own coke to Lorraine and smelted its own iron ore on the spot if it chose, or it brought ore to the Ruhr and smelted it there if that was considered more economical. In practice several companies did both; they sent coke to Lorraine with which to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transform iron ore into pig iron and brought back both additional ore for smelting in their Ruhr blast furnaces and pig iron or raw steel for use in their finishing plants. Some iron ore, of course, in both German and French Lorraine and in Luxemburg, was sold in ordinary commercial transactions to steel companies in the Ruhr as well as in France, Belgium, the Saar Valley and other parts of Europe, and some Ruhr coal and coke was sold in the same manner to steel companies in Lorraine, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar. There existed complete freedom of exchange of raw materials as among all the territorial divisions of the west-European industrial system, and from the viewpoint of production the entire system may be said to have functioned as an economic unit. But the relationship between the Ruhr district and the great bulk of the iron and steel producing areas of the Lorraine region was even closer: it was comparable to the relationship which exists between the iron fields in the Lake Superior region and the steel plants in the Gary district of Indiana of the U. S. Steel Corporation and its steel producing properties in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

The horizontal trust dominating the steel industry of western Europe was what is known in Germany as a double cartel. On the one hand, a producers' association agreed in advance for stated periods upon the aggregate output of the membership. On the other hand, a separate corporation created for the purpose contracted with each member to buy from him a certain specified quantity of steel (his allotted quota of the total output) at a given price. This corporation was in reality a co-operative sales agency for the producers' association, since it was completely owned and controlled by the members of that association in proportion to their annual steel output. It was popularly known as the syndicate. Each member obligated himself in a contract to sell his entire output to the syndicate and to produce no more than his allotted quota. A system of penalties and rewards for over- or under-production was included in these individual contracts, which were enforceable by law. The syndicate in turn proceeded to sell the output of the producers' association, either in the domestic market or abroad, dividing among the membership whatever profit or loss there might be on the aggregate of transactions for a given period.

II

Such in brief outline was the situation existing in the Ruhr and Lorraine and in the surrounding territory of western Europe at the outbreak of the War. From the standpoint of steel production the same conditions continued and were intensified during the War, for Germany at the beginning of hostilities seized the entire Lorraine iron field and operated it full blast until forced to give it up by the terms of the armistice in November, 1918.

Then a new frontier was drawn, a frontier between two bitterly hostile nations, one of them being left in possession of all the iron ore and the other of all the coal in what had formerly been the most compact industrial system in the world. That system was rent in twain, and the two parts have been struggling to operate as separate units ever since. It was as if the U. S. Steel Corporation had been forced to sell all its iron mines and a large part of its blast furnaces and steel plants to various groups of hostile competitors, and in addition had seen erected between what it had left and its former holdings a frontier on the other side of which was a nation with which its own country had just finished a disastrous war.

As separate units the component parts of the Ruhr-Lorraine system have not been able to function in complete independence of each other. Under various arrangements, enormously complicated by the reparation question, certain exchanges of raw materials have gone on. In the meantime attempts have been made by the steel makers of France and Germany to bring about a better arrangement for such exchanges and to organize a more efficient system of marketing steel products. In a general way the goal has been a reunion of the severed parts of the former industrial system. The new convention represents the culmination of such attempts.

Does the new organization constitute a great steel trust? And is it in fact a reunion of the Ruhr and Lorraine? The answer to the first question, whether it be yes or no, is subject to much qualification. Compared with the former Deutscher Stahlwerksverband it is only half a trust. That is to say, it is only the first half of a double cartel. It is very similar, in fact, to the loosely organized trade associations which existed in Germany for some twenty or thirty years in the coal mining and the iron and steel industries before the formation of the coal and steel syndicates in 1893 and 1903. The earlier associations, it will be recalled, provided for the limitation of output and the allocation of quotas just as does the convention of September 30; but they were uniformly unsuccessful in accomplishing their purposes. What usually happened was that in the face of a sudden increase in the demand for the particular commodity covered by the convention the individual members of the association violated their agreements on one pretext or another, and after a few such experiences the organization disintegrated. The difficulty lay in the absence of means of enforcing the terms of the convention.

When the double cartels were organized, however, such means of enforcement did exist, in the individual contracts entered into by each member of the producers' association with the corporation charged with sales. Those contracts were enforceable by law, but in addition they themselves provided a system of penalties which in practically every case was sufficient to obviate the necessity for a resort to litigation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the newly formed international association one feature of the double cartel system has been adopted, the provision for rewards and penalties for under- or over-production. Whether this will be sufficient to prevent violations of the agreement, only experience can determine. The penalties for overproduction are proportionately much smaller than those formerly provided in the coal trust agreements. Moreover, in the absence of anything like international contract law it is difficult to see how the very general terms of an international convention could be legally enforced. Arbitration might be resorted to and enforcement facilitated if the steel industries in the various countries concerned were all highly unified into single organizations, but this is not the case, even in Germany where unification is much more complete than elsewhere.

On the other hand, if the new organization is not subjected to tests too severe for human nature, it is possible that the various groups will keep production within their respective quotas. If this hope is realized, then the new venture will undoubtedly function in some respects according to the popular conception of a trust. Except for the competition to be expected from Great Britain, a limitation of output would no doubt be sufficient to maintain steel prices. If Great Britain should join the association even this qualification would be obviated. Under such conditions, with a limitation of steel production throughout Europe, there is little doubt that except for the domestic market of the United States Europe would dominate the steel market of the world for a long time to come.

Notwithstanding the recent indications of an economic rapprochement between England and the Continent, however, the chances are a little better than even that Great Britain will not join the continental steel association. Many industrial leaders in England, probably the majority, are convinced that they stand to gain more than they will lose by staying out. Moreover, they will be in a position to benefit by whatever stability the operations of the continental association may bring to the steel industry, much as the independent steel makers in the United States have benefited by the stabilizing operations of the U. S. Steel Corporation. So able an organ of economic opinion as the London Economist has taken this view of the situation. It is realized, of course, that if the Continent should begin an aggressive economic war against the British steel industry the story might be quite different; but in the first place it is very doubtful if the Continent is well enough organized for such an attack, and in the second place there is no real reason to believe that such an attack would come even if the organization were compact enough to launch it. On the whole it is probably realized that whatever tends to bring stability and promote trade on the Continent is almost certain to benefit England more than any resultant increased continental competition can damage her.

III

Does the newly formed association accomplish the reunion of the Ruhr and Lorraine? For the present at least, it does not. A genuine reunion of the Ruhr and Lorraine would involve a re-amalgamation of the integrated steel companies common to both the coal and the iron ore producing regions. It would not necessarily require the reëstablishment of the same conditions of ownership and control that existed before the War; ownership and control might very well be divided as amongst French and Germans, or Belgians and Luxemburgians, as the case might be; but those enterprises which were formerly operated as integrated concerns would have to be re-integrated. They would have to be re-integrated because they were so designed in the first place that no part of the enterprise could function at its full efficiency when separated from the other parts. Moreover, under conditions of a complete reunion of the Ruhr and Lorraine such a thing as a contract between the whole group of French steel makers on the one hand and the whole group of Germans on the other for the exchange of iron ore for coke would be superfluous and fantastic. In so far as the ownership of both coke and iron ore was not common to the same firms each individual company, whether located in the Ruhr or in the Lorraine region, would simply buy its coke or its iron ore as if the frontier did not exist.

On the other hand, the importance of the new arrangement as a first step toward a genuine reunion of the Ruhr and Lorraine should not be underestimated. It undoubtedly does represent the beginning of a closer economic association between France and Germany than has existed at any time since the War, and it will tend to create an atmosphere in which a true re-amalgamation might become possible. In so far as this is true it is all to the good. There is no disposition on the part of the writer to belittle the very real progress that has been made towards the reconstruction of the great European industrial system that existed before the War. The advantage of calling attention to the degree in which the new arrangement falls short of attaining the level of industrial progress reached in Europe before the disastrous interruption is the advantage of a sober-minded facing of reality over an undue indulgence in what may prove to be unwarranted optimism.

The new association has some of the elements of a great steel trust; it may presage the reunion of the Ruhr and Lorraine; but for the present it is neither the one nor the other. It is nevertheless a development of first class importance, inasmuch as it is an economic manifestation of the new spirit of European solidarity arising out of the treaties of Locarno, and it should offer a good deal of genuine encouragement to those economists and statesmen who hope for an economic United States of Europe.

GUY GREER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Learning by Living

IN an airy, informal school room in Brussels one Monday morning last winter, a group of six-year-old children clustered around a table, holding an inquest over a dead mouse. Their faces were grave. One of their loved animals, a class pet which had come into the world under their auspices, which they had tended and fed and watched from babyhood to maturity, had inexplicably died in the midst of plenty, or—and this was one object of their inquiry—had there been any carelessness? Had the child whose duty it was to supply the mouse with food enough to live over Sunday, forgotten? The point was, I think, established, but a more serious one was engrossing the children. Was it a mother mouse or a father mouse was the question. Examination revealed it as a mother mouse and the sad fact was brought out by one of the little girls that its death meant not only its own extinction but that of uncounted generations, since a mother mouse contains these as one's own mother had contained oneself and one's baby brothers and sisters. At this point the firm, dissenting voice of a little boy made itself heard.

"The doctor brought my little brother in his bag. He told me so."

A few of the children met this with derision and protest, but most of them merely exchanged smiles of superior understanding. Soon, however, more serious heresy engaged their attention:

"Mice ought to die, anyway. They're bad. My father said so. They're dirty."

This met with a storm of indignation. What, mice, their own tame white mice whose cage they scrubbed every week, bad and dirty? Never! The teacher who up to this point had left the conversation almost entirely in their hands, now offered a word or two in explanation. Class mice were undoubtedly charming, instructive and well behaved animals, but mice in general were somewhat dirty and destructive; they were also very generally unpopular with fathers and mothers. This tallied excitingly with other experiences of the group's members. Conversation became general and vivacious. It ranged freely over the habits of mice, rats, guinea pigs and rabbits. Facts about them were related and personal experience offered in corroboration until, under its stimulus, some of the children wandered away to model their favorite animals, others to write and illustrate the life history of the late mouse, while those whose interest in the subject was exhausted hunted new and congenial occupations. Educationally, at least, it seemed as if the mouse had not died in vain.

What I had witnessed in this classroom of a Decroly school was not a lesson in Sex Hygiene or Moral Prophylaxis or any of the other earnest things, which the simple attempt to teach biological truths is sometimes called. It was merely one normal aspect of a school program whose aim is to introduce children, from the beginning, into the realities of the life around them. Such a program, necessarily, keeps close to the fundamental things of life, to its inherent processes of birth, growth and change, and it allows children to acquire their knowledge of them in such an active, concrete and first-hand manner that it seems to me a safe assertion that the Decroly child after four or five years of schooling approaches life armed with an understanding of it that too many of my generation did not achieve, if at all, until their college days.

In its externals the Decroly school does not differ greatly from any of the cheerful, newer elementary schools to be found in Europe and America. In nearly all of them the gloomy old-fashioned type of school room with its stationary desks and benches, its almost equally stationary teacher and pupils has been replaced by the laboratory-workshop, or the playroom type. What is not always immediately apparent, however, is whether these changes correspond to a fundamental change in the conception of education, or whether they merely represent a humanitarian revolt from the grosser crimes against childhood perpetrated in most of the schools. To such revolts, the new education undoubtedly owes much. To them is due that liberation of the child's body in the school, that recognition of his physical personality and independence, that respect for his nervous system, that these external changes signify. But it was Dr. Ovide Decroly of Belgium who first among Europeans gave to these changes a deeper meaning. He was the first to originate and put into practice a logical curriculum, designed to absorb and direct the energies of the children which the new school mode released and to build up a unity of subject matter and interest.

The Decroly method, however, does not depend for its success on the setting of the modern private school. To see some of the Decroly classes in the public schools of Brussels as well as in the charming little Ecole de l'Ermitage, was to realize that what is most vital in education does not depend, after all, on such questions as those of fixed desks versus small tables. It was to realize, too, how much life can be infused into a class, even within the public school system of a big city, by an active, fresh-minded and liberty-loving teacher. The biggest problem which Decroly has to face is, of course, that of finding and creating such teachers. The old education and especially that of the old normal schools does not produce them. They are still in Belgium as elsewhere turning out rubber stamp products who would take the vitality out of any

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curriculum. I did see in Brussels, however, half a dozen young teachers who had caught and been transfigured by the new spirit. The children in their classes were different, too; that is perhaps the supreme test of their value. They were not the apathetic, docile young Robots, nor the furtively resistant mischief-makers I was accustomed to in the public schools, but confident, cheerful human beings; active participants in this educational enterprise, with some of the qualities of resource and independence which are summed up so happily in the French word "débrouillard." I know of no exact equivalent for this useful word in our language, but it is perhaps the one I encountered most frequently in the vocabulary of the modern Belgian educators and the one which more than sums up their educational ideal.

It is the aim of the Decroly class not so much to teach specific subjects as to introduce the child directly into life; his own life and that which immediately surrounds him. The so-called "tool subjects" are indeed taught at a comparatively early age, but such teaching is incidental and subservient to the child's active interests. The reason for this is that this Belgian educator stopped to ask himself: "What is the knowledge which the child most needs and which is in line with his interests?" He answered the question as follows: "The knowledge of himself, of his environment, of his needs." He further subdivided these topics according to the basic needs of mankind in the satisfaction of which civilizations have been built up: the needs of food, clothing, shelter and protection and the social needs of work, activity and solidarity with one's fellows. To let the child acquire this knowledge he worked out a technique called that of central and associated ideas. By this method any one of these topics or its subdivisions is made the basis of the year's or term's or month's work, its "centre of interest." The child's knowledge of the here and now is gained in such study by his observation, but to this is added the association in time and space which in this curriculum take the place usually assigned to history and geography. Thus, a child's study of the question of shelter, for instance, will seek answers not only to the question, "In what sort of a house do I live and why?" but to the related questions, "How have others lived before me?" and "How do they still live elsewhere?" In the course of finding the answers he will survey and explore, study and reproduce caves and lake dwellings, the tents of nomads and mediæval fortresses. He will perhaps construct and play in Indian tepees or Congolese huts, and draw plans of cottages and modern apartments. The result of one such study of housing is to be seen today in a frieze painted along the halls and stairs of the rambling old building housing the Ecole de l'Ermitage, which traces the story of human habitation through recorded history, and is brought proudly up to date in the last panel by a Belgian child's vivid conception of New York's skyscrapers.

Textbooks are little used during the early years of such study, though after the fourth year the children do considerable reference work with books and newspapers as sources. They are little used because the method is primarily an active method—for teachers as well as pupils—and recognizes the value of first-hand experience and observation. Rightly practiced it is a method of experiment, of exploration, of adventure; a method which has grasped the truth that almost the whole duty of the young child beyond being healthy and expressing himself in play, consists in getting dirty in the pursuit of knowledge (and incidentally in getting clean again); which allows the child to learn, simply by functioning in a normal childish manner. The educational essence of such a method lies in twofold activity; the activities of observation, research and experiment by which the child acquires necessary conceptions and the creative activities by which he restates such conceptions and makes them his own. Such creative restatement may take many forms. It may be through spoken or written language, through dramatization and games, through building, modeling or painting, but always it will include those records, the observation and association notebooks which accompany the Decroly child throughout his school life, and which, with his collections, form the major part of his documentation.

The positive contributions such a method makes to education are many. Chief among these is, I think, the fact that it educates the whole child. What strikes a visitor in these Brussels classes, whether in private or public schools, is that *all* these children draw, that they *all* sing, they *all* volunteer suggestions in group discussion, that they *all* handle animals fearlessly and move about their classrooms freely and without self-consciousness. One finds in these classes, as elsewhere, of course, the child who is comparatively clumsy with his hands, the child with little aptitude for language, the child to whom arithmetic presents almost insuperable difficulties. What one does not find, however, generally speaking, is the child to whom these difficulties have become inhibiting; the child who will not strike out boldly and freshly in many directions and find his efforts rewarded by increased freedom and power.

There are other contributions which such a method makes, but its greatest value to some of us inheres in its social implications. From the first the Decroly child learns to think in terms *of the common tasks of mankind*. He learns how he is clothed and fed and sheltered and taught and how his fellow creatures, animal and vegetable, also nourish, clothe and protect themselves. He learns, too, how men have done this in the past, and the long and painful process of trial and error by which they have improved on their first crude attempts in every field. His school journeys take him not only to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parks and museums, but to the mines and factories, the farms and markets, and shipyards and railroad terminals of Belgium. He comes to understand the transformation of raw material by labor power into the finished products that satisfy his needs and, in so far as he can, he *actively reproduces those processes*. He bakes bread with infinite labor and satisfaction, crushing the flour from the grain between stones after the manner of primitive peoples; he raises beets and extracts sugar from them and makes candy of it, and then records these exploits in a Saga painted on the walls of his classroom much as the cavemen recorded the story of the day's hunting; he manufactures glass and tans leather; he builds a house from foundation to roof with real windows and doors and chimneys and makes and paints the furniture for it; he makes his contribution of song and story, stunt or demonstration to the children's assembly, defends a conviction on the floor of the school meeting and writes and prints to the last item the issue of his school paper telling of this and other work done by him and his schoolmates. Need one insist that such a child gains not only the skill and the knowledge of ways and means which result from all these activities, but that he acquires also a feeling of the meaning and value of work, of the relation of effort to finished product and of the reasons for individual responsibility and social coöperation?

And closely allied to these implications there is another of importance to modern and especially to modernist parents and educators. It is the evolutionary implication which inheres in this teaching, and through which it becomes not only active in its practice, but dynamic. It was in a Decroly Public School class that I saw for the first time such dynamic teaching of history as seemed to me to approach the ideal which H. G. Wells has expressed in The Undying Fire: "To make the pupils feel in one living story with the reindeer men and the Egyptian priests and the soldiers of Cæsar and the alchemists of Spain, so that nothing was dead and nothing was alien." To make them feel that "discovery and civilization was their adventure and the whole future their inheritance." The Decroly child feels this, I think, whatever the "centre of interest" which is engrossing his attention. In this class the boys, whose average age was ten, had expressed their sense of this relation between themselves and the past of the race, of their generation as one link in the unending chain of life, by constructing a frieze which ran around the four walls of the classroom, and which they called The Chain of the Past. Starting with their own generation they had carried it, when I saw it, 125 ancestors back into history, each generation being represented by a figure drawn, cut out and pasted on its background of brown wrapping paper. Nor was this study merely looking backward. If it seemed to me at times tinged by an almost extreme reverence for ancestral achievement, it had an alert eye for contemporary achievement as well as for the possible achievements of posterity. Radio and aeroplanes were also within its province, as was attested by the Current Events Bulletin boards, which the children kept covered with clippings and pictures of such events as particularly interested them. In the Decroly class the child lives history and knows that he is living it. And it is this dynamic quality, this thread of continuity and meaning which pervades all its teaching and so profoundly affects the spirit of the child, that makes Decroly's contribution the vital and constructive one it is, not only to educational method, but to educational philosophy.

There are critics even among educators, to whom such a method may seem overweighted on the practical side, too utilitarian, too little imaginative. They may even feel in it, especially if they, as children, derived much of their happiness from books, a certain lack of richness, of overtones, of the elements that make up what we call "background." I have heard such critics who felt, as one woman put it, that, after all, "roasting potatoes and raising white mice and knowing all about street traffic and where things come from is not a substitute for Undine and Gulliver and the Tanglewood Tales."

That is quite true, but no sensible modern educator offers it as a substitute. The old-fashioned school, particularly the old-fashioned public school, didn't run to Undine and Gulliver, either. The Decroly method does, however, to a large extent substitute creative expression for more passive absorption. The Decroly child does largely make his own texts, maps, charts, exhibits and synopses and his work is not only accurate and informational, but frequently charming, poetic and imaginative. Sometimes as in the case of the Chain of the Past, it is on an almost heroic scale. But his creative impulse is not confined to such documentation and illustration, but expresses itself freely also in composition, dramatics and music.

And this shifting of emphasis in education from the receptive to the creative, that stress on the value of the thing actually seen, felt, done, incorporated and expressed rather than on that merely read or listened to is no accident. It is profoundly significant of the attitude of the new education toward the child, of its recognition of his place in art and life. This recognition, this respect for the child the Decroly method has in common with many others, but it seems to go beyond them in taking the child seriously not only as a child, but as a human being, counting upon his contribution, including him, as it were, in the councils of the human family. This is, it seems to me, its great and fundamental contribution and the one that deserves the attention of forward-looking educators everywhere, even more than to its undoubtedly valuable contributions to pedagogic method and material.

MARTHA GRUENING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still Life

I KNOCKED at her room, but no one answered; then, as the door stood half open, I went in. The lights were all left on, though it was noon, and the chairs littered with stockings and chemises, as sordid and as surprisingly slight as the shreds of exploded balloons. On the table stood an empty spaghetti can, two plates gummed with cold tomato sauce, several tumblers with the stale remains of drinks and an empty gin bottle. From the contents of the tumblers, I could see that they had begun by drinking gin and ginger-ale, fallen back on gin and bath-room water and probably ended with raw gin. I sat down in a mission morris-chair and looked through Film Fun and the Cosmopolitan. Then, with the magazines in my lap, I remained staring and inert. I knew that, since I had come too late to catch her in the morning, she would not now be back till late afternoon; but, suddenly becalmed in that empty apartment, high aloft on that inaccessible floor, with the elevator between me and the street, I felt as if I had dropped out of the chatter and haste of the lunch-hour of the West Forties into some deep unexpected air-pocket of lassitude and calm. I could not for a moment bring myself to go down and face the business of the day again nor even to grapple with the present situation by unearthing a piece of paper and composing a note.

There was a small phonograph beside me on a table: for a few minutes I regarded it stupidly. Since she was gone, it seemed as lifeless as the glasses, as the garments, as the magazines. I had never found it very agreeable, and such vitality and charm as it possessed it had derived solely from her: I should never at first have thought of playing it. But, after a time, I picked up a heap of records which lay shuffled and thrown about on the table, like the battered pack of playing-cards beside them: I pushed them even and looked at the titles, one by one: Yessir, That's My Baby, sung by Bee Brewster; With You in Paradise, Fox Trot, from Pretty Kitty; Ben Bolt, by John McCormack; Thanks for the Buggy-Ride, Fox Trot, by Jake King and His Eight Kentucky Mocking-Birds; The Village Blacksmith Owns the Village Now, Comic Song, by Billy Murray; Chanson Hindou, Saxophone Solo; So's Your Old Man, Fox Trot, by Fred Casey and His Burglar-Alarm Boys; La Forza del Destino, Red Seal, Duet by Caruso and Scotti. The names awakened flickering memories of the establishments in which they had been acquired: Ben Bolt and La Forza del Destino, with some of the older popular songs, had been bought when the phonograph was new during some prehistoric period of married life, from whose wreck she had salvaged them; the comic songs supplied by a young newspaper man, who had been in the habit of learning them by heart; the later fox trots contributed by a girl-friend who had at one time shared an apartment with her and entertained there (until finally she gave him up) a too frugal admirer, shy of night-clubs; and Shake That Thing and Chanson Hindou she had provided herself.

I picked out a record I had never heard, with Charleston Chuckles (Risas de Charleston), Fox Trot, on one side of it and Flamin' Mamie (Ardiente Vampiresa), Fox Trot, on the other: it had been made by the American Melody Company and seemed to have been molded in river mud. I turned over Flamin' Mamie and wound the phonograph up. The only needles I could find were in an ash-tray, mixed with burnt matches and cigarette butts, and I found it impossible to tell the used from the new: all seemed equally blunt. The truth was that needles were never changed till they became absolutely inarticulate. But, with the first one I tried, the record blurted out in such a hideous stuttering blur that I thought I must have a particularly bad one and put in another. But the result was the same. I endured it to see if it would clear. Presently it emerged as a fiendish mechanical jig running itself off at impossible speed: too fast, too nasal, too high. I turned it down: a harrowing descent of pitch heard as a gasping and discordant howl, as if the spirit of the machine found it painful to be reduced from one tempo to another. Not, I reflected, that at any tempo did the spirit seem particularly at ease. For one thing, the spring of the phonograph only held for a single winding, so that the records always began too fast and were running down before the end. And, what was worse, the small portable machine was constructed without a horn, so that it always made me feel uncomfortable by reason of its almost cruel effect of allowing no natural outlet to its voice. That wretched spirit, released inside the box, beating like a bat in the cramped black space, had to force its way out through the cracks and through a small aperture at the base of the "arm." It was never fairly given to the air, it found no trumpet to launch it on its flight. No wonder it chittered and squealed so thinly, like an unwinding wire of sound, like a wire rusted, wry and eaten, worn away so that it seemed almost snapping or so rough that it would stick and stammer over some echolaliac phrase. So completely had the music been robbed of resonance that it seemed a mere memorandum of music, as if some writer in sound had scribbled down the skeleton of an orchestration, with the brasses as brief raspings and tin-whistle blasts, the strings a jotted jingle of cicada-chirpings and the tympani marked as tiny explosions and echoless crashes of glass. And the "vocal refrain," when it suddenly began, seemed to have as little

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in common with the human voice as the orchestra with musical instruments: it was like some mere momentary modulation in the quick mechanical jigging of a railroad train, a sharper shrillness, a more insistent iteration: *Flamin' Mamie—Sure-fire vamp—Hottes' baby in town—Some scorcher—Loves torture—Gal that burns 'em down—Talk about your red-hot mammas—Not one compares*—indistinguishable crackle of high-pitched syllables articulated too close together—*Comes to lovin'—She's an oven*—another slip of driven cogs—*Ain't it funny—Paper money—Burns right in her hand*—some incoherent statement about *workin' in a mine—Ate a box o' matches at the age of nine—Flamin' Mamie—Sure-fire vamp—Hottes' baby in town.* The jazz departed with redoubled violence and complexities of deformation into a last frantic charivari; then, after a flourish, was bitten off as abruptly as it began.

I lifted the needle, clicked the little catch and stood a moment looking out the window. Outside, gaped a blank abyss: several buildings had been demolished and the vacuum of vacancy they had left seemed to be sucking with blind raw walls for some more solid and tight-fitting structure to rush in and fill it. I had always known that that phonograph was unspeakable; but I had never been alone with it before and it affected me with a kind of terror. And I had to summon against the action of the machine, against that barren negation of flesh and blood, the vision of her alert yellow head with its deep stainings of Irish rust, her lips still moist through carnation rouge and the robust organism of her body, which made its home among those stone and metal cells, not merely resilient to their surface, but causing their grindings to quicken and feed it.

EDMUND WILSON.

Three Plays

Saturday Night, by Jacinto Benavente, translated by John Garrett Underhill. The Civic Repertory Theatre. October 25, 1926.

The Lion Tamer, by Alfred Savoir, translated by Winifred Katzin. The Neighborhood Playhouse, October 7, 1926.

The Captive, adapted by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., from La Prisonnière by Edouard Bourdet. Empire Theatre, September 29, 1926.

BENAVENTE has already opened one theatrical venture in London, The Everyman Theatre, and one in America, The Theatre Guild, with the Bonds of Interest (Plays by Jacinto Benavente, translated by John Garrett Underhill; Charles Scribner's Sons)—and now with his Saturday Night becomes the first offering of the new Civic Repertory Theatre on Fourteenth Street.

The Bonds of Interest is more genre than Saturday Night, more grotesque, more traditional, satirical, witty, delightful and fantastic. It has something of Molière and the old comedy of masks with its Scapins and Mascarilles and Sganarelles, plus a dash of Shaw, plus the poetry of Benavente and the glow of what is Spanish. Saturday Night is a later play, more luminous and dark and more ideal in its nature. It has much of the Spanish power to mix sharp or harsh realism with visionary light, that we see in Zurburan, Ribera, Coello and others, to take painting instances, and, as a dramatic instance, in the plays of Calderon. Saturday night has, too, Benavente's fine power of symbolism, not phrasal and not therefore so deterrent dramatically as in Maeterlinck and the professional symbolists, but spreading behind the entire conception, a pervasive wide meaning, ambient and inexhaustible. This drama of Benavente's has all in all a kind of glamor of exaltation, descending in the less significant passages to the sheer happiness of wit and plenty, and, in the more significant, lifted to a sense of life like a light reflected over human beings and among them, and of love binding human life to its own depths.

This high quality of Benavente's matter is what Miss Eva Le Gallienne most understands about the play, fortunately, since without that in the production the piece would be merely romantic melodrama and since without such an understanding on her own part her performance would be merely sentimental and too meagre in the force intended for the rôle. As it is, Miss Le Gallienne has the part beautifully laid out and beautifully begun, she needs only the deepening that time and repetition will bring.

Everyone talks of repertory; and groups of well meaning persons, with proper backers or backers besieged, meet, talk unendingly, get free lectures, dream and plan. This repertory theatre under Miss Eva Le Gallienne's hand is already well launched. The directing—which is hers also—is on the whole far above the standard in our theatre, the stage business is well sought and sifted, the impression is genuine and fresh, without cheap appeal, but full of the purity of intention that young artists can sometimes so blessedly bring to an art.

The settings by Miss G. E. Calthrop stick to the necessary economy and are not offensive, their most immediate defect is a certain insistent thinness. The company assembled gives first of all the pleasant sense of youth, a group of young people working together, sometimes acting well, sometimes like children dressed up and playing at this business. Mr. Sydney Machat seems to promise a real asset, his black funny man, Tobacco, and later his keeper of the dive are good character performances. The sculptor's rôle, a vibrant thread in the tissue of the play, falls lamentably to Mr. Alan Birmingham, who is hopeless in it, all lost among his vocal effects, the author's meanings and the problems of the actor's art in general. The ensembles, as in Benavente's wonderful curtain for the fourth act, are more than fair. The struggle with the Latin way of thinking and speaking is often evident, but often unavoidable without deserting translation for mere adapting.

At the Neighborhood Playhouse a fresh symbolism is shown to the American theatre in Mr. Savoir's play. To review the play is almost impossible, for as it stands now there are several manners and as many plays in the piece. Its situation involves Lord John, the figure of mind and culture, who longs to see the lion tamer eaten by his beast, and since that does not happen hits at him by ar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranging the infidelity of his wife and the release of a lively natural beast force in her, with endless character implications added and a third act that winds up several already begun and starts off some new dramas.

But two things may be said: a remarkable stage talent lights the play all through, in spite of its confusion of intention and its varieties of symbolism and its mockery and its wit, sometimes as high colored as Andreyev, sometimes as subtle as Schnitzler, and sometimes a fresh note in the theatre. This quality makes The Lion Tamer one of the three or four most entertaining pieces of the season. And for the purposes of repertory and a trained company no choice could be more serviceable, the variety of moods and characters is a school of acting in itself. Of this acting in The Lion Tamer the fine performance of Miss Dorothy Sands deepens and varies her whole achievement.

Some years ago M. Maurice Donnay performed a wonder that has been admired ever since; in The Other Danger he handled what might be thought an impossibly difficult theme for the stage, a situation in which a mother hands over her daughter to be the wife of the man whose paramour the mother for a long time has been. M. Bourdet has gone even further in his choice of siituation, La Prisonnière is based on a Lesbian theme. It has not only been a triumph in Paris, its own town, but has been, here in New York, one of the sold-out attractions of the opening season.

The story set forth is of a gentleman's daughter whose infatuation for another woman, the wife of M. D'Aiguines, prevents her from going with her father to the embassy in Rome and from marrying Jacques Virieu, the man who loves her. In time she is driven to despair about herself and her chances in life, and grasping at the last hope, begs Jacques to marry her. She is a perfect wife in all save any real love for him. Eventually he in desperation returns to an old affair and she to the woman. The production of the play around this story is most adequate. Mr. Basil Rathbone's portrayal of Jacques is agreeable and gentle, Mr. Norman Trevor as the father and Mr. Arthur Wontner as D'Aiguines, play well. Miss Helen Menken gives a performance of the heroine that would be sure fire with her public, very strained, white and tearful. It is effective here and there, with a certain neurotic power, though on the whole it is too monotonous and little varied and often lacks shading, as in the scene, for example, with the beloved little sister, where what Miss Menken does is exactly the same as her distress at other and widely diverse crises in the play. In production, then, and in itself The Captive might pass as entertaining.

But to see one of the largest theatres in New York crowded nightly with spectators who strain forward with the tension of their interest to see a play that deals with a woman in love with another woman is matter to think upon. One thinks of Brieux and Ibsen and their earlier battles over subject matter, when venereal disease and cave man were handled with a directness that raised a storm, and reflects upon this theme which is new to our theatre and which might be thought a fairly strong dose. Then one tries to consider just what happens in this instance of The Captive.

What happens first of all is this—and this is to the dramatist's credit as a playwright—the response of the audience on its deepest side is to the exhibition of human life in action, the play of a powerful force in the lives of a set of people, the passion and suffering and blind maze in which they are thrown. The Captive involves most of all that bringing of life vividly into play which is the main business of drama. There is also the presence of a most engaging seriousness, or aspect of seriousness, above a volcano of the risqué; and this delights your Anglo-Saxon, whose taste was so greatly delighted not so many years ago by scenes like that in Everywoman where Modesty appears as a virgin in tights, which is equivalent to modesty with a kick in it, so to speak. And finally Miss Menken does not present what might be taken as an average instance; the woman she gives us is sick, almost insane, neurotic, strange, a harrowing clinical subject, and through this fact the biological point is pretty completely dropped; we have nothing to face really except a violent and fantastic personal instance; the unescapable problem implied is reduced to kindly sympathy and tense curiosity.

But what is really admirable is the French skill behind The Captive. There is delicious theatrical suspense, the downright, throw-it-in-your-face confession or theme does not appear until the second act is nearly over, until six minutes after ten o'clock to be exact, and the audience has been waiting to have the horror sprung since half-past eight. The scenes are studied for their last theatrical juices, Jacques and his former mistress, for example, talk and before they have done we have seen every inherent motive in turn worked for its engaging contribution to the pleasures of the theatre. The tragic lady never fails to dress charmingly and expensively; the tragic quiet and absorbing leisure in tempo always contain a bomb.

The Captive is a good Paris play, full of theatre, of interesting emotion and recognizable and delicious expertness. It has, too, the courage of its tragic end, which twenty years ago would have been prophetic and brave and perhaps fatal to prosperity, but which is now shrewd, smart and effective. With regard to its immense underlying theme, its Parisian tact consists in the fact that it can handle something almost impossible to handle, without handling it at all.

STARK YOUNG.

Question

Now what are you that, lacking you, this earth
Is but a lathe and plaster world, a lie
Of crumpled color on a canvas sky,
A winter-field, a home without a hearth?
Now what are you, indeed, that when you pass
Night is but twelve dark hours that none can praise,
And April is a month with thirty days,
And the first green is only so much grass?

And where are you, the heart cries loudest, where?
Where—and what power intangible, inert,
Keeps you, in walls of air, so long, so still?
Come back! Come back! Or will you not repair
These sticks of earth, these broken days, until
The heart does not remember why it hurt?

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bandwagon

Which Business?

We are on the threshold of a new and broader interpretation of religion. . . . In the new era the church will learn to be as honest as business.

—*Bruce Barton.*

Mild Reproof from the Imperial Wizard

The Ku Klux Klan will have reached its full state of health and be ready for its greatest service when, and only when, Jesus Christ shall have gotten full possession of its members.

—*Hiram W. Evans.*

Boiling Mad, in Private

The President feels very strongly about the campaign expenditures in Pennsylvania and Illinois. . . . Mr. Coolidge has minced no words, it was learned today.

—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

Jesus and Marie

"It is a high and happy privilege," said the Rev. Samuel M. Shoemaker, "to have with us in this church today Her Majesty the Queen of Rumania. . . . Probably no event in this parish will be longer remembered. I think it is too great an occasion to speak on any but the greatest theme—Jesus Christ."

—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

Three Reasons for Entering Public Life

Senator Frelinghuysen threw his arms about me, explaining that he wished to regain his seat in Congress. He said: "You are just the man I want. I want to get back to Washington. I have two beautiful daughters who are now living in the country. My wife is enamored of Washington, and I have a beautiful home there."

—*Joseph J. Fiske.*

Money Talks

In offering Mr. Brisbane's daily editorials The Times does not necessarily concur with his opinions, but offers them as the sentiments of the highest paid editorial writer in this country.

—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

The Man Is Psychic

Every time the speaker mentioned President Coolidge the hall sounded loud with applause. He had only to whisper "Coolidge," and the back rows burst into clapping and cheering. They couldn't have heard that name back there. They simply must have sensed it.

—*New York Evening Post.*

Variations on a Landscape

GOING down to New Jersey the other day, I fell asleep on the train. When I woke up, the afternoon was late and, though the day still seemed luminous and full, it held already the tragic suggestion of the encroachments of the winter darkness which clipped it closer every night. My mind was still vague: there rose before me and swam slowly by the window, below the infinitely spacious sky with its disorder of autumn light, a high lawn of which the edges were masked by a very thick dark hedge, but from which a scattering of tall lean trees lifted ragged just rusting crests. To one side stood a square brown house, impressive, box-like and rather empty-looking, which was just slipping behind me out of sight as I passed under the spell of the trees. For the trees and the hedge seemed familiar, they revealed to me the grounds from which they rose. I seemed to see an irregularly planted lawn, with well worn walks and unplaned slopes; and, on the lawn I saw a company of children whose universe it was. I was among them: I must have known them very well, for, with no effort of the imagination, I had peopled this unknown place with them. They were all sisters and brothers, or cousins, or something of the sort; and the girls and boys played together on absolutely equal terms. The girls had on whitish dresses and their hair was a little wild—they may all perhaps have been going barefoot.

I tried to remember where I had known them. At Seabright? The lawns were smoother ironed. There were white new tennis-balls and serious tennis-rackets screwed up in frames. In the background were self-possessed little girls who spoke French to governesses. And, at night, while we were talking in bed, the automobiles rushed by on the Rumson with a recurrent exciting light. Or was it in Charlottesville? There was more gallantry there between girls and boys. Life was at once more demoralized and more arrogant. Ranging the lawns of the university at night, we would peek in at low brilliant windows where our elders were drinking claret or at the basement of the medical school where the stiffs were laid out in the dark. Was it some summer in up-state Leyden? No boulders. No enormous elms. No fragrance of cows from the cow-barn. No evenings as lucid as water with sharp Adirondack outlines against lucent orange sky. Or was it some suggestion of the freedom of the West, of children I had seen but never lived among? These children were surrounded by vastness, but it was not the vastness of Michigan—not the wilderness of reds and greens and yellows of tapestry-faded trees, not the jungle of Michigan marshes rank and gaping with red-veined pitcher-plant, flecked with gentians among grass like little blue tongues of flame. I could not identify the landscape and the children with any of these specific places; yet they had something in common with them all and, as it were, might have represented them. It was perhaps that they had something American.

House and trees were reabsorbed by the spacious afternoon—afternoon would be absorbed by night. If I could have looked more closely about me, what precisely should I have seen in that place? A croquet-ground, perhaps, with chickens straying among the wickets. A hammock washed pale by rain. The children would go in to dinner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and afterwards play casino, or they would read Alger and Louisa Alcott, or they would roast chestnuts in the fire, while the sombre autumn darkness that restored their wildness to the familiar trees, that rendered the croquet-wickets treacherous, the chicken-yard a city of strange beings, the hedge a mysterious boundary, the Hercules pillars of home, made the countryside stretch infinitely far, with wastes of field and straggling trees, with occasional estates partly cleared and solitary box-like houses—the infinite countryside, where the children could not hear each other's shouting, where by day they played on family lawns so remote from one another and where by night they could not see each other's lamps, barely showing and blinded tight.

Ah, it was not then the croquet and the chickens of which I had had my real vision—it was the relation of the children to the landscape, to the infinite countryside, to those weedy trees against the sky. Yet had I not sometimes had a similar impression in connection with city children? A boy on a bicycle returning through the streets of a town in late afternoon, inscribing the curves of long thoughts along the gutters, his school-books strapped to his handle-bars—or even a boy seen in Pittsburgh at a window of a box-like and dismal great house, sitting on the sill and dangling his legs, doing home-work in a sweater. Beyond the city was the countryside again and the countryside was vast and deserted. So, on a previous train-ride to New Jersey, I had seen the empty Newark baseball park under a dark apocalyptic sky in which a pale, clearly minted, cold sun shone like the sun of the first days of creation over the gray and illimitable waters of a drawing by Gustave Doré for Paradise Lost.

Doré and Paradise Lost? Was it perhaps then merely a sense of romantic grandeur, of the domesticated and turbid grandeur of the mid-nineteenth century, which I had acquired from the pictures and books I had known when I was a boy and which was stimulated by certain skies? The children would then be merely shadows of the age when I myself had been closest to that style and had felt the world most in terms of it. Then there would be nothing peculiarly American about that loneliness, that vastness and that wildness, with which I had seen the children surrounded, with which I had felt them in some unique relation. They would then be simply of the same period as Doré, those American historical engravings of the mid-nineteenth century—some orator addressing the Senate in a wide chamber of which the nearest reaches are lost in the darkness and dust of something like a great barn and where the shafts of motey light from unseen windows throw into relief a few white collars and foreheads, leaving the ladies who watch from the gallery infinitely remote and obscure; or some campaign of the Civil War, the general with the elegant spy-glass and silken horse of a steel engraving, the soldiers breaking the railroad with picks, and the black faces of the fugitive Negroes carved out also with classical heroic dignity, but all enveloped, like the flag with sparse stars, in the smoke-fog from the burning farms which blots the sky and the countryside—the wilderness of the country again, which, elaborated, low and confused, extends away and away without limit. This vastness in which the war is drowned, which leaks through into the debates of the Senate, is it nothing more than a rhetorical mode which had already flattered Pitt and Napoleon before it was borrowed for Sherman and Clay?

Have I ever received from a European picture or from a European book an impression of precisely the same kind as that which I receive from the atmosphere of the Senate Chamber and which is the same as that of the box-like brown house which slipped behind me on the train? Are the countrysides of George Inness or the countrysides of Church, which are the same thing as the countryside which stretched away on every side about the lawn where the children lived—are they, in reality, simply the same thing as the countrysides of Turner? No: I recognize at once that they are not. The masses and colors of Turner are *constructed* like a solid English palace; their obscurity and grandeur are allegorical and deliberately heroic. They are Europe prodigiously magnified, but unmistakably Europe. But our American vastness is not grand; it is natural and almost homely. It is simply the place where people live and where they live a great way apart. England is compact and rich; Germany compact on a bigger scale; France is cultivated to the last inch; Italy abundant, but all crammed into her stocking. It is only in some ruinous estate of Chekhov or in some desolate town of Dostoyevsky that I have ever felt a situation similar to that of the children among the trees.

Did I not once see one of those children in Europe? Did I not receive from him even there the same impression as in my vision? I was climbing the long hill of Langres and looking up at the black ramparts and gray roofs, when, on a squat round tower set in the wall, from which a row of gargoyles jutted, what I had at first taken for another gargoyle defined itself as a human figure. It was an American soldier who sat with chin in hand and elbow braced on knee, the black outline of his campaign hat and bent limbs cutting sharply above the stone animals, with their time-blunted jaws and their age-blinded eyes. He was looking out at the hills and fields and towns, and at the statue of the Virgin of Langres. But those eroded hills, those threadbare fields, those towns which seemed embedded in their soil, that unintelligible monument, were not what he seemed to see. Like the boy in the window at Pittsburgh, I felt the vastness of his country about him and in his eyes the horizons of home.

E. W.

"Vivid" and His Pals

II—Living, Alive, True, Authentic, Real

THE remoter satellites, the innumerable cousins and acquaintances of "Vivid" were introduced to you last week. They were, to a large extent, quite obviously mental habits, bereft by excessive use and misuse of all genuine meaning. Nothing much can be done about them; behind their pale faces hides a vague will, a persistent intention which is not likely to change. It has not changed very much, even in fifty years. As long ago as 1875 I find the reviewer of fiction for The Nation addicted to such present-day tags as "a story . . . admirably told," "a savor of its own," "distinct literary flavor," "not engag-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing," and "strikingly vigorous," though in fairness it should be added that this same reviewer was not ashamed to refer to one novel as "wholesome, unsensational, refined and high-toned." Literary fashions have changed a little since then, but not much. "Authenticity," "truth to life" and "reality" will probably continue to express the highest desiderata in a novel for many years more.

Living, Alive, True, Authentic, Real. Here is the gang, here are Vivid's lifelong pals and friends. In themselves these are capacious, ringing, far-reaching words. But, since literary custom has associated them with the location rather than the revelation of a final mystery, they have become rather lazier and emptier than they deserve to be. Capable of use as pries and levers, the very immensity and difficulty of the secret open to them has made them, in the end, far more useful as tombstones under which, with a flourish of wisdom, to bury the secret away. The act by which man creates a good book, a beautiful painting or a fine piece of music is the most mysterious act in the world, and the relation of these things to other things which man did not make is the most mysterious of relations. To qualify, criticize or attempt to describe such a creation by calling it "real" or "alive" does no more than call attention to a successful act of creation. Having thrown some such large word upon the air, we are silent, as if all had been said that needed to be said, as if we had reached the end of the critical quest, when as a matter of fact we have only hit upon its beginning. The critic struggles up the hill of a book, listing the minor features of the landscape as he goes. His work is over as soon as he says to himself, "reality, reality," a phrase which fills him with such a feeling of vistas and accomplishment and relief as felt the Greeks of Xenophon when they stood on the top of a hill and cried, "Thalassa! Thalassa!" at the silver sliver of water far away. For the critic, as for the Greeks, this is journey's end, but in truth it is only the first milestone in the critic's anabasis, only the first glimpse of a dark and difficult sea.

Yet it is just here that we critics and reviewers stop. Observe carefully the quotations which follow. Can you not detect, can you fail to overhear in them, the note of finality, of triumph, of puzzles solved, of the last step on a long stairway reached at last? I am sure that dozens of similar invocations of the "vivid" gangsters could be collected from anyone who writes publicly about works of imagination. The italics are mine.

> The persons in this novel are *living* individuals.—William Lyon Phelps.
>
> Stevens understands the rich *vitality* of these men . . . (they are) richly *authentic*.—Harry Hansen.
>
> As overwhelmingly *true* as a thumbprint. . . . The fellow somehow *lives* and breathes. . . . Elser's young Lavery is a trivial fellow, but extraordinarily *real*. . . . I mean by a masterpiece a story . . . in which the people are overwhelmingly *real*.—H. L. Mencken.
>
> In him (Tom Outland) Miss Cather creates a *living* character.—Zona Gale.
>
> One of his (Tarkington's) *truest* books.—John Farrar.
>
> The gentleman from San Francisco is a synthetic character, stylized in the modern manner, but nevertheless very much *alive*.—Paul Morand.
>
> A few brief glimpses of something *real*. . . . An *unreal* story . . . its people have charm without *reality* . . . —Robert Littell.
>
> To say what Henry James has already said: A novel is an impression of life, its excellence depending upon its *truth* and *vividness*.—Robert Morss Lovett.

To which might be added a quotation I am still looking for in the literary journals, but have not yet found: "In The Human Race (Jones and Jones, $2.50), God, the great author called by Brandes the 'Tolstoy of the Universe,' has created some extraordinarily real, authentic and living characters."

I am quite sure that all these people mean something, to themselves quite definite, when they speak of truth and reality. It is equally obvious that all these words mean something, in a dictionary sense. But to substitute the dictionary definition in any one of these instances would be valueless. I have tried it. To substitute the whole emotional content of their author's meaning and intention in each instance would be equally valueless, for the distinctive flavor and the high pressure of this feeling will not go into words at all. In order to begin to do so, words such as "true," "vivid" and "real" would have to be graduated, like thermometers, to show the intensity of the feeling behind them, which amounts to much more than the face-value meaning. An adjective like "extraordinarily" or "overwhelmingly," though some sort of an indicator, is hopelessly crude. The feeling of "reality," in order to be exactly expressed, will have to be classified and subdivided into a number of other words which do not as yet exist. We reviewers and critics, who pretend to such niceties of language in trifles, and have achieved so many of them, particularly in the field of disapprobation, must find tools of precision for the momentous discriminations between "true to life" and "untrue," between "real" and "unreal." Otherwise we do not begin to be critics.

Of course the other critics from whom I have quoted feel that the large words fairly well express what they mean. I thought I knew pretty well what I meant myself when I trotted the lame, tired horse "reality" so many times around the track. Now I am not so sure. My doubts, in fact, come out of their lairs, and multiply.

A book, I may once have said, is "true." True to what? True to life of course, you idiot. But that's a large order; just what does it mean? True to what sort of life? Life is not always true to itself. Some things in life are less true than others, but they are all "true to life"! A slice of life, as it presents itself both to an intelligent reader and a novelist's eye, may seem flat, dull, overloaded with detail, without plan or meaning. This life, which is true to itself, is raked over, hand-picked, rearranged, falsified, fused at white heat by a capable novelist into something, entirely different from the original material, which is truthfully, but inaccurately, reported by its critics to be "amazingly true to life." This same material, a city, a war, an historical character, is sifted through yet another novelist's mind into a wholly separate pattern, also dubbed "true to life." It would be quite possible to find half a dozen translations of this slice of life, all varying in every conceivable way, yet all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

united by a common bond of "trueness-to-life." Is it not evident then, that when we say of a novel that it is "true to life" we actually mean something quite different, rather difficult to express, for which these words are merely the handiest vehicle?

Have you not heard neighbors and acquaintances of yours described as "curiously unreal," and did not the phrase often strike you as very apt indeed? What is the precise relation of a book character who is "real" to a living person who is "unreal"? If a gifted novelist were to grapple with your acquaintance, might he not make out of him a "real" character and still preserve the "curious unreality" which impressed you?

This is rather hair-splitting, you may answer. If a character in a novel is to your mind "real," you mean that for you he "exists," he can be remembered, he approaches in "solidity" (another fatally useful word) the people who walk the street. But it is only a feeble character in a feeble book who has no "existence" at all, and he is not worth talking about. There are innumerable degrees in existence. Where, in the scale from a competently "portrayed" character in a recent novel, all the way up to the people in War and Peace, shall we assign values and stations to the terms "alive," "true," "true to life," "real" and "overwhelmingly real"? There is all the difference in the world between the average respectably three-dimensioned character and Tolstoy's people, who are so many of them realler than most of the people we know, a difference at once of kind and of degree.

How is it that the subject of a decently truthful biography may seem to have no flesh and blood at all, while a character in fiction who could not possibly have been born of woman is as alive as yourself? And there are characters who are alive without being real, and vice versa, and true to life without being either alive or real. Haven't you heard someone say, of something that happened to them the week before, that it was "just like a novel"? And are there not dreams more piercingly real than the events of consciousness?

These are questions worth asking, particularly in regard to fiction, and the criticism of fiction. They are worth trying to answer, too. ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Philosophy in the Religion of William James

SIR: The thing that chiefly impresses me in Mr. Kallen's review of my book on William James, published in your issue of October 6, is the ease and evident relish with which he makes the charge of special pleading—and this in a review which so obviously lays itself open to a similar criticism. He quotes from James's essay on Paul Blood to show, I gather, that James's final feeling about the world and man's place in it was negative and sceptical. But the passage from which this quotation was taken (Memories and Studies, pp. 409 ff.) refers to the futility of seeking a final answer from what James would have called an intellectualistic philosophy. The mystery remains, this passage tells us, but as something to be met and dealt with by faculties more akin to our activities and heroisms and willingnesses than to our logical powers. And this, if I understand him aright, was much of what James meant by religion. Of course Mr. Kallen does remark that he was "at sea" when he made the quotation.

Then Mr. Kallen takes me to task for my chapter on immortality, of which he says that I quote "mostly letters of the eighties, disregarding the record of the later years." Will you allow me to point out that in this chapter I quoted the two most definite utterances I could find which told against my view? And besides quoting from the eighties I drew material, if dates must be given, from 1898, from 1899, from 1902, from 1904 (where James says he believes in immortality more strongly as he grows older), from 1909 and from 1910. And in several instances these dates represent more than one quotation. Finally, Mr. Kallen surely might have realized that the letters of the eighties were quoted so extensively because many of them had not been published before and so were of unusual interest on their own account!

James was, as Mr. Kallen has said, a myriad-minded personality, and it is quite possible that there will always be a difference of opinion as to the comparative importance to himself of his many interests. I have stated my view and produced my evidence. Mr. Kallen remains unconvinced. This, however, does not give him the right to question my honesty of purpose. And as to correctness of my judgment, confirmation which has come from friends of James leads me to hope that I am not so far wrong as he supposes. His review is throughout unmindful of two important considerations: first, the fact that I was treating James's *religious* interest as contrasted with the other interests which are deared to Mr. Kallen's own heart; and second, that I was discussing James's religious *interest* as constrasted with his belief.

With a characteristically gracious touch Mr. Kallen concludes his review by ascribing my dullness to the fact that I am a clergyman. I may be allowed to venture the hope that his epithet is as inaccurate as his statement of my vocation.

Northampton, Mass. J. S. BIXLER.

The Fundamentalists Get the Crowd

SIR: Referring to the recommendation of one of your correspondents in your issue of August 11 that "an alliance between freethinkers and the liberal churches would work to the advantage of both," may I remark that we seem to have something of the kind in Los Angeles just now, inasmuch as the two Unitarian churches are giving themselves to the entertainment of rationalist lecturers and secretaries from the outside, and to a general propaganda of free thought. After spending more than forty years in the ministry, during which time I have traveled myself from the extreme right of orthodoxy to a "leftism" which makes even the most liberal churches shy of my message, I can imagine nothing more likely to gladden the hearts and strengthen the hands of the religious reactionaries in this metropolis of American Fundamentalism, the city of Aimee Semple McPherson, Bob Shuler, and the Bible Institute, than to have the liberal churches do just what they are doing, tie themselves up to so bankrupt an enterprise as the rationalist movement of the United States. With all the dubiousness of the McPherson situation it remains the fact that Aimee Semple McPherson will get more people out to her regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting, as I witnessed only this week, than will be found in all the liberal churches of the Pacific Coast next Sunday, or all the rationalist audiences of America. It is the utter vacuity of American religious liberalism, outside of the professedly orthodox churches, which is mainly responsible for the present power of American Fundamentalism. If American liberalism could possibly wed itself to the reality of economic understanding there might be some hope of its becoming other than what American rationalism is today, the laughing stock of the religious reactionaries who thrive on the inaneness of the opposition.

Los Angeles, Calif. ROBERT WHITAKER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Gentleman in Parliament

Fifty Years of British Parliament, by The Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Two vols. 614 pages. $8.

IT has long been the custom of British statesmen of first and second rank to leave behind them the materials out of which after their deaths suitable memorials might be constructed by trusted henchmen, unmarried daughters of the family, or sympathetic journalists. It might seem as if the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, seconded by the Countess, were departing from this practice and expending his fortune of memories in his lifetime. A review of the present volumes, as of Mr. Asquith's previous book, will correct this impression. In both sets of recollections he has been thrifty, even parsimonious. The presumptive administrators of his literary estate have no cause for worry.

The fact that the Earl of Oxford and Asquith is a member of Parliament in 1926 would seem to date the beginning of his fifty years from 1876, ten years before his own entrance upon that brilliant scene of his labors. The Earl, however, allows himself a running start of no less than twenty years, and beginning with 1868 reviews the administrations of Gladstone first, Disraeli, and Gladstone second, about which he tells us nothing not generally known. His fifty years bring him down only to 1914; his own previous volume and Lord Grey's Twenty-five Years are his apology for omitting the Great War. Apparently he would have us understand that he endorses all that he said in The Genesis of the War, and underwrites Lord Grey of Fallodon's views as set forth in his "monumental work." With these limitations his fifty years shrink to less than thirty; and even with his memories of this period his Lordship has practiced husbandry. He gives us anecdotes of the smoking-room, long quotations from Hansard, steel engraved portraits, early nineteenth century style, of the Earl of Spencer, the Marquis of Ripon, the Duke of Devonshire, Robert Lowe, Mr. W. H. Smith, and other worthies whom it is at this date difficult to identify; but in more salient or more recent figures his gallery is lacking—with a few notable exceptions such as Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Parnell and Sir William Harcourt. About half of the second volume is occupied by a series of observations on Parliamentary topics such as Third Parties, The Prime Minister and Cabinet, Patronage, etc., but aside from an occasional curiosity, such as the fact that Sir Robert Walpole was the first holder of the title Prime Minister and that as a term of opprobrium, these comments are of little note. The noble Earl might have referred us to the more valuable discussions of his friend Mr. Spender in The Public Life—a work on which he leans somewhat heavily. The last chapter is a collection of political catchwords etymologically considered, which seems, oddly enough, to represent the true measure of Lord Oxford's mind and the real depth of his interests. The tremendous events in which he took part emerge in his memory only like skeletons and pale ghosts, while the appearance of the expression Cave of Adullam in Parliamentary history kindles one happy recollection after another.

The noble Earl's habit of economy has affected his style in matters inconsequential and where reticence is of no importance. The following cryptic sentence about Lord Randolph Churchill's Fourth party: "It was from among its ranks, though not in the person of its brilliant leader, that what would then have seemed the caprice of fortune was to select the future head of the Tory party" may challenge a good guesser to exclaim Balfour; but it requires something of an effort to recall the "Bradlaugh episode"; and "the outburst of Mr. Plimsoll and its consequences," sends us to the biographical dictionary. And in the course of the Corinthian tribute to Mr. W. H. Smith who "had spent his youth and early middle age in building up, almost literally with his own hands, and by none but the most honorable means, an immense business which supplied an urgent and growing public need and which yielded him an ample fortune," why not tell us that this business was books?

Upon several topics, however, the Earl of Oxford and Asquith sheds enlightenment. He follows the startling career of Lord Randolph Churchill with sympathy and interest, and undoubtedly supplies the explanation of that statesman's fall. When he resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in 1886 he thought that Lord Salisbury could not do without him. As he said to the author five years later, "I should have beaten Lord Salisbury, as *I confidently expected to do,* but for their being able to fall back on Goschen." The noble Earl rejects emphatically the classic explanation of Gladstone's retirement in 1895: "Gladstone was made to resign by his colleagues, and Morley was the mouthpiece of this ultimatum." In expressing his dissent from this writer he might have identified him (presumably Mr. A. G. Gardiner), but his assurance that "Mr. Gladstone's resignation was entirely his own act," is well supported. Valuable light is shed on the Ulster situation in 1913-14, when Sir Edward Carson was organizing armed insurrection and British army officers were refusing to lead their men against him. We may accept the explanation that the government of which Mr. Asquith was the head refused to prosecute Sir Edward Carson on the advice of the Nationalist leaders, Redmond, Dillon and Devlin, on the ground that "such a step could do no good and that it would inevitably secure for the victims an invaluable and much coveted place in the annals of Irish martyrology." But what in God's name will the noble Earl say of the military executions of Sir Roger Casement, Padraic Pearse, James Connolly, and other leaders of the rising of 1916, and what of the murder of Sheehy Skeffington? But these matters doubtless belong to the Great War, from speaking of which the noble author considers himself in his review of fifty years of Parliament happily exempt.

The handling of the Ulster-army crisis seems characteristic of the mixed statesmanship which the Liberal practitioners of those days displayed. Against the settlement of South Africa and the deflation of the House of Lords; of his part in which the Earl of Oxford speaks modestly, there must be set the bungling of the Irish question and the confusion of foreign policy, from the results of which the War opened a temporary and costly release. "A misunderstanding for which no one was to blame"—this excusing phrase recurs constantly to mind as one reads even the meagre outline of events which the author gives us—as it does in reading the more extensive account of his hell-paving colleague, Viscount Grey. One feels that his book, properly expanded, might come to be a standard textbook on the art of muddling through.

Yet, after all, we should not wish to have the charm of these recollections sacrificed to a utilitarian end. It is a charm of atmosphere. The Earl of Oxford and Asquith, though he may have felt that he had fallen on an iron age in politics, nevertheless was in contact with the elder statesmen who preserved the tradition of the happier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time when the House of Commons was the best club in Europe. Young Mr. Asquith entering its delightful precincts along with young Mr. Curzon, young Mr. Haldane, young Sir Edward Grey, was always the gentleman and the scholar in politics. He speaks of his effort to bring back the habit of Latin quotation in the House of Commons. He mentions his practice of giving a dinner every year at the Blue Posts in Cork Street to which came regularly Rosebery, Morley, Meredith, Balfour and sometimes Lowell, Chamberlain, Burne-Jones and Curzon. Over against these interparty amenities he gives a picture of Gladstone building his last cabinet, in an inner room at Lord Rendel's house, flanked by Harcourt and Morley, while the candidates for office speculated on the "last man in." In other words Fifty Years of British Parliament preserves for us the fascination that belongs to that institution, not so much as a serious instrument of government, as an element in civilization and a field of sportsmanship.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Ordeal of History

The Human Adventure, being The Conquest of Civilization, by James H. Breasted, 717 pages; and The Ordeal of Civilization, by James Harvey Robinson, 769 pages. New York: Harper and Brothers. Boxed, $10; separately, $5 each.

THESE two histories are school books, originally published by Ginn and Company for textbook use and now re-issued, with slight modifications, in bindings more appropriate to the library table and jackets more appropriate to sale across the counter. In the earlier form one was called Ancient Times, and the other Mediæval and Modern Times; together they "cover" the whole of history. This reincarnation is nothing against them, of course. As Theodore Roosevelt remarked in a passage which Mr. Breasted quotes from his review of Ancient Times, "the very best book for intelligent and well grown boys is usually an uncommonly good book for grown-up men and women." Very true. But if we assume that the Bible is the very best book for even the most intelligent of well grown boys, it does not therefore follow that adults will find it serviceable as a joke-book or a cook-book. The question which annoyed us in our youth still remains to plague us now: good for what?

History books may be good for many things. One service is that of encyclopædia or syllabus. Short of a dictionary, no book is handier to have around than a thoroughly dry history crammed with names and dates and places. Whenever we want to spell Peloponnesian, or cite the date of the treaty of Westphalia, it is ready and waiting. Perhaps this is not the use for which the present volumes were intended; but it is a legitimate use, and one to which they can be put with perfect confidence in the accuracy of all their data. Historians may quarrel with some interpretation here and there. Doubtless some of the language in which Mr. Robinson describes the onset of the recent War is offensive to Professor Barnes. But such things are not data in the present sense. Both of these books are crammed full of what we ordinarily call facts. Both are by historians of high repute. Both have been edited with the greatest care.

Much of the data which have gone into the Conquest (Ancient Times) is peculiarly intriguing. Its author, as everyone knows, is an Egyptologist of great renown. As the leader of various expeditions and the head of various institutes he has taken a very prominent part indeed in the conquest of ancient history. He is an international authority on various ancient tongues and writings and on the facts of history which have been recovered in recent years by the translation of hitherto unknown languages, and he has let his light shine upon these pages. The result is calculated to dazzle any imagination that is not positively blind. In the Near East there lie vast undiscovered hoards and treasures of the past, buried cities to which no one has yet set a spade, whole literatures of which no one has yet read a word. The problem of the historian is to discover and decipher what is obviously there. No Klondike was ever more alluring. Mr. Howard Carter opens the forgotten grave of Tutenkhamon, and Mr. Breasted, entering the place only a few days after the strike, immediately spots an inscription of the dead king's name in a form which definitely dates it before a certain well known historical event—the overthrow of Tutenkhamon's rule. A German expedition in Asia Minor turns up a great quantity of court records of the Hittite kings; an Austrian puzzles out the meaning of the Hittite cuneiform (no one has yet read Hittite hieroglyphic); and among "the world's oldest written treaties" we find a letter from Tutenkhamon's bride imploring Hittite help after her husband's death. An excavation in a little village on the Nile turns up a paper-and-ink letter, in Greek, written by an Egyptian boy of the town to his parents; he is serving in the Roman imperial army on the German frontier in Gaul; he tells them his "name and number," encloses his likeness in his new uniform, and sends messages to his village chums. This may or may not be history. But it is better than Sherlock Holmes at his own game. Mr. Breasted's book is full of it—full of fascinating tales of Rosetta Stones, and Behistun monuments, and the sleuthing out of ancient languages and peoples. It is the kind of book that keeps one up all night, and makes one dream all day of marvelous discoveries and the wizardry of secret ciphers that are unknown tongues.

But though detective stories may enthrall adults no less than school boys, they do not on that account produce that intellectual sophistication which, as Mr. Robinson insists, is the chief advantage to be gained from the study of history. Like the great Sherlock, Mr. Breasted is a sentimentalist. His blood is stirred by each new-found clue. A monument or sculptured vase makes his nerves tingle. His attachment to Mother Egypt is almost Freudian. There has never been anyone like her. The Cretans also, and the Babylonians, were too cute for words; it was just too cunning of them to make all those lovely lions and things. Well, no doubt it was. But were they great peoples because they built such pyramids, or did they have to become a great people in order to create these things? If so, how did they become great, and what constitutes greatness? Suppose it is true that "civilization," in the special sense of vase-and-Parthenon-producing power, originated on the Nile, how and why did it originate, and why and how did it so completely pass away as to make all this sleuthing necessary? Mr. Breasted points to the (utterly lost) "proclamations" of Thales as "the greatest achievement of the human intellect." This is like saying that Tutenkhamon was the greatest tailor in history because for several seasons recently he set the "King Tut" styles. It is the sort of thing that makes most school boys think that all historians are fools. In one passage dealing with the later Roman empire Mr. Breasted mentions the reduction of the Italian proletariat to the point "where the peasant on the Nile had been for thousands of years." So this, then, is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the essence of civilization and the conquest of the great Egyptians—peasantry for thousands of years! Is civilization, then, the discovery of the institution of peasantry? Is that the great fundamental, causal fact which underlies the art and literature? It would be interesting to know, more important even than the installation of art treasures in museums.

Modern civilization presents a more specific problem for the puzzlement of those who would be sophisticated by the study of history, the problem of science and industry. Scientific research, says Mr. Robinson, "was to change the world more than all the battles that were ever fought." Mechanical invention, too, "has proved more revolutionary than the more familiar history of kings, parliaments, wars, treaties and constitutions." In short, here we have the source of all that distinguishes our modern civilization. Where did it come from, and how? Well, according to Mr. Robinson "we owe but little to the Greeks and the Romans" whose scientific devices were no more than "ingenious playthings." Pace Thales and the whole of ancient history as described by Mr. Breasted. Where, then? Apparently Arabic numerals and rudimentary mathematics were important; Chinese printing was important; lenses and gunpowder were important. But the origins and the effects of all these things are shrouded in mystery—a mystery which seems not to disturb historians. Piecing one thing and another together we can make out that the presence of Mohammedans in Europe at a time when Bagdad was "the richest and most splendid city in the world" had something to do with it; the influence of Constantinople through those centuries when it "enjoyed the distinction of being the largest and most wealthy city of Europe" had something to do with it; the Mogul empire, which reached from Russia to China, with its court at Delhi where various Europeans visited and very probably received "some of the Chinese inventions, especially paper, printing, the use of the compass and gunpowder," had something to do with it. But history takes no note of such outlanders: a page or two, a footnote here and there, a chance remark that such was the source of our civilization, that is all. In short, we write the history of Europe precisely as we write the history of Thimbletown—by enumerating all the people who have ever lived there and remarking in a footnote that the power and light come from a distant source. Like civilization.

To the doings of our own scientists whose researches were so potent, and to the analysis of all the supposed effects of such research, Mr. Robinson devotes a total of perhaps a dozen scattered pages; to invention and industrial revolution, perhaps a dozen more. Other subjects are so alluring! Industrial revolution leads us directly into socialism, and socialism to the revolutions of '48, and '48 to the recovery of Austria. Thus we run on, through at least seven hundred of the seven hundred and fifty pages of the text, attending as of old to the more familiar history of kings, parliaments, wars, treaties and constitutions.

Such things have their uses. It is necessary to know about them, and history textbooks tell us about them, none better than those of Robinson and Breasted. But what of civilization, and the "importance of being historically minded"? Mr. Robinson is a leader of the new and scientific school of history, a veteran protestant against the banalities of names and dates. The fame of Mind In the Making is over all the land. If he can't tell us what civilization is and where it came from, who can?

C. E. Ayres.

Culture Charting

The Relation of Nature to Man in Aboriginal America, by Clark Wissler. New York: Oxford University Press. 248 pages. $3.50.

DOCTOR WISSLER'S title is something of a misnomer, for his book only incidentally attempts to correlate native cultures with the New World environment. In fact, only the last ten pages are devoted to human geography, which accordingly receives summary treatment. This is regrettable, for the subject is of perennial interest, and, moreover, there are few topics on which the lay mind needs so much corrective information. What the author emphasizes is in part true enough, to wit, that man depends on the flora and fauna of his habitat, and that specialization of culture signifies adaptation to these determining conditions. However, it is hardly possible to stop at this point without encouraging misconceptions. For example, we read: "Pueblo culture is, therefore, an affair of this semi-desert area and confined to it." But Pueblo culture is rooted in tillage of the soil and its character would be completely changed if maize with all its correlates, including rain ceremonials, were taken out. Yet nothing is more certain than that this plant was introduced from the south, so that the ecological factors stressed by Doctor Wissler operate only in so far as they permitted its introduction and fostered a special horticultural technique. Moreover, it is a notorious fact that all kinds of tribes, such as the Navajo, occupy the same habitat, yet have achieved a basically distinct form of adaptation. A finer analysis, including in its scope historical as well as geographical determinants, thus seems indispensable.

A similar comment is suggested by Doctor Wissler's discussion of the plains Indians. He conceives their culture as an adjustment to the bison, and argues that "the most typical tribes," "the richest cultures," were found where pasturage and favorable climate produced the thickest bison herds. *If* we define plains culture and "richest" in terms of utilization of the buffalo, then the statement is indeed not only true, but a truism. But if we proceed in purely empirical fashion, it is not clear why the partly horticultural Mandan, Omaha and Pawnee are to be reckoned less typical than their non-sedentary neighbors; and it is evidently the cultivators and not the roaming buffalo-hunters that attained a richer mode of life. And again, if we inquire whence came the impetus to such higher developments, we must look beyond the geographical environment and take into account certain historical relationships.

However, the anthropo-geographical close is merely the frosting on the cake. What really interests Professor Wissler is the search for a universal law of diffusion—one that shall hold equally for bodily and cultural phenomena. The reviewer cannot help feeling that this attempt to synthetize biological and ethnological phenomena from the same angle is an unfortunate one. Without entering in detail into the technicalities of the chapter on Somatic Traits, it suffices to note that here heredity inevitably obtrudes itself in Doctor Wissler's discussion, while in the remainder of the book it can be ignored. Incidentally, several points in this section strike the reader as strange. Why are the Rehoboth breeds made to figure as "African Negro-white hybrids"? The Hottentots are indeed according to most authorities Negroid, but their yellow skins make them stand apart from the typical Negro and eminent writers have suggested a partly Mongoloid ancestry for them. Another statement would lead one to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suppose that practically all physical anthropologists treat round-headedness as a trait that has arisen only once in the history of mankind. Undoubtedly there are advocates of this view; but an apparently increasing school insists on distinguishing, even in Europe alone, at least two separate brachycephalic stocks—the Dinaric (Adriatic) and the Alpine; not to mention the several local types reported from Russia and Poland.

To limit comment to the law of diffusion as Doctor Wissler holds it to operate in culture, we may summarize it as follows. All traits tend to spread in all directions. They appear first in a definite centre from which they are diffused in simple form; subsequently elaborations occur in the same spot and are diffused in turn. Distribution, in other words, when plotted on a map, assumes "the concentric zoned form" and we can safely infer a relative chronology from the observed space relations. In illustrating this principle the author ransacks every department of culture, from the conical-roofed lodge of the plains to the mother-in-law tabu and the Sun Dance. His devotion to it borders on the mystical and sometimes makes him stretch a point in the interpretation of the evidence. For example, if the Peyote cult originated along the Rio Grande but died out there, is it not arbitrary to take the Kiowa of Oklahoma as the centre of distribution on the plea that they disseminated the dispensation in its modern form?

The author, however, demonstrates in completely convincing manner that cultural phenomena are not distributed at random over the surface of the globe but spread in a manner that admits of exact cartographic representation. Further, this can be done not only for such tangible artifacts as stone collars but quite as well for the more elusive elements of aboriginal ceremonial. Indeed, as Dr. Ruth Fulton Benedict has shown, even the subtleties of the vision-quest are amenable to the same sort of treatment. By exemplifying this far from obvious idea through a profusion of concrete examples Doctor Wissler has rendered an important service of popularization. ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Tropic Death

Tropic Death, by Eric Walrond. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE ten stories gathered in Tropic Death have three separate sources of distinction which differentiate them from contemporary fiction. They are almost the virgin working of a rich new field, the black West Indies, where a seething mass of conglomerate races and colors provide the mobile labor force needed to exploit the tropics. The gangs that cultivate the sugar plantations of Barbadoes and Cuba, the banana fields of Jamaica and Costa Rica, that dug the Panama Canal, are of every shade of black, brown, yellow, of Portuguese, Spanish, French, English, American Indian and East Indian descent—but prevailingly African. Nearly forty years ago Lafcadio Hearn caught up in his Two Years in the West Indies some of the color of all this, especially among the French Islands (which Walrond doesn't touch) and colored gracefully, sympathetically, their abundant folklore. But Hearn for all his quick imagination saw from the outside as a visitor and a white man.

Walrond handles this material from the inside, as a Negro with, one suspects, a direct experience of the labor gangs. This is the second important distinction. His dramatic presentation of character in dialogue, in a vernacular so literal as not always to be readily intelligible, is masterly, convincing. The African temperament, modes of thought, have never been more exactly interpreted in language. He has no propaganda, raises no race question, nor is there in the writer's mind a mutinous background of controversy or resentment. He writes of this colored world as if practically it was the only world—as he should and as no other Negro so far as I remember has written.

The third distinction is a personal triumph. Walrond is an artist working not imitatively in subservience to the accepted literary traditions of an alien race, but in his own manner suited to his own material—as an equal. Consequently the reader accepts his accomplishment, not with condescension because of his racial origin, but for itself as a challenge and a performance, in its own fresh field. That is not to say that Walrond has escaped his English schooling wholly untouched. He uses a few conventional terms such as the inappropriate term "peasants" or "peons" for the black laborers of the West Indies, and what is worse he slips occasionally into the accepted melodramatic interpretation of character familiar in the magazine story.

But these lapses into the unreal are surprisingly few. Never when the action is important.

Descriptively Walrond uses his flaming semi-tropical backgrounds, of metallic sea, gleaming sand, green jungle with a nervous, poignant intensity. These West Indies, that is, Barbadoes and the Isthmus where all but one of the stories are set—and more indirectly Jamaica and British Guiana—palpitate under his touch with light, heat, color. His sense of color in words is remarkable, also the audacity of verbal manipulation. It is all intensely nervous, impressionistic, syncopated, even disorderly.

For concise irony not even de Maupassant surpassed the conclusion of Subjection, which narrates the brutal killing of Ballet by a U. S. Marine—"In the Canal Record, the Q. M. at Toro Point took occasion to extol the virtues of the Department which kept the number of casualties in the recent native labor uprising down to one," or the deft end of The Palm Porch after the night's killing—"Miss Buckner, while Zuline sewed a button on her suède shoes, was endeavoring to determine whether she'd have chocolate soufflé or maidenhair custard for luncheon that afternoon."

Superstition, the folklore of the West Indian black, is used knowingly, accurately as the psychological background of a life where zombi and "fire hags" and obeah are as natural as chapels and crosses. Only in one instance has the author mixed his stories, The Vampire Bat, in order to heighten the effect. For Walrond the picture is the thing always, as it should be. Let the reader supply what meaning he will. He creates pictures and characters, easily, prodigally, as from a rich fund of experience. He is careless of composition, as the younger writers of the day often are, disdaining unity and coherence in their effort to seize a deep reality. Yet, composition—selection and the unifying process of the mind—is the condition of all art. With Walrond it may be the influence of sophisticated fashion which makes him shovel out his raw-flesh facts so prodigally and without regard for order. Or it may be due to the rich inexpertness of youth to be mastered with growth in his craft. For there is no discernible reason why the creator of Tropic Death should not go much farther in this field which he has quite to himself, the sense of which is all in his blood, its color and its human complexity. At last we may have a real picture of that Spanish Main from one of its own people, not the picture book romanticized version that Westward Ho and its many feebler successors have given. ROBERT HERRICK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Curious Marriage

Words for the Chisel, by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 87 pages. $2.

IN Genevieve Taggard's poetry there is a curious marriage of alien elements—luxuriant, tropical color in the music and the idiom, with theme from some colder, harder climate for the soul than the valleys of Hawaii where the poet spent her girlhood. And again, reversal of this union, she carves a pagan theme in delicate and stony coral.

This is the third volume of her verse, following For Eager Lovers and From an Hawaiian Hill-top. The girl who was a poet has become a woman. The woman is human and alone. Her beauty is without prettiness and to many there will be ugliness in this voice that speaks in the full cadence, not the broken measures of the old tabus. Like Hardy's, her lyrics are often contemplations of the mutable but repeated patterns of the quarrel between man and woman, and their eternal need for one another. To me, there is much in them that is obscure. The precise human drama breaks on me in no image. They confuse the eye, but their tormented music never fails to move me. Some are clear as noonday, and break the silences of womanly poets like thunder in a dead world.

> Ethereal energy, airy lust,
> Intangible madness—these have made
> A bee-like cloud about her head.
>
> The coward, the coward is running home,
> To hide herself in a bed of dust—
> To huddle into an ugly bed.
> Underground they can never come.
>
> She broke and ate their honeycomb.
> Over her belly the bees will hum.

The long narrative Poppy Juice that opens the volume, and the Eruption in Utopia that closes it set her with the makers of major poetry. Both draw upon the sounds and colors of her girlhood, both are ambitiously and truly imagined. The one relates the story of a Kanaka woman wearing her life out with nostalgia for an inland valley, waiting by the sea for husband, and for son, cheated, lost in poppy juice.

> So with the years she sat and saw his ghost
> Rise in the phantom vapors of the air;
> The passive little Buddha on the post
> Changed countenance to see the spectre there . . .
> Deep in the drowsy perfume of her hair
> Beside the spectre presence of her son
> She found the valley of oblivion.
>
> But not the other valley. No one comes
> Near its serene reality. The tall
> Bow of the water bends itself and drums
> On the bare rocks. No voice will ever call
> Or ever answer from the valley wall.
> Untouched by dream it hangs in emptiness,
> And the pure stream pours on and is no less.

So closes, with quiet finality, a stormy dramatic poem. Eruption in Utopia is, for me, the climax of the book. The picture that it makes is unforgettable, and its final lines sing with an unearthly beauty.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

A Wise Man of the East

The Face of Silence, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 255 pages. $3.

TO the practical Western reader this book is the most satisfying of Mr. Mukerji's expositions of oriental ideals since it takes the concrete form of biography—that of the nineteenth century Indian saint, Rama Krishna, and in the recital of incidents in his career and conversations with disciples conveys his philosophy of life. This appears as a more nearly recognizable type of mysticism than that of wise men from the East previously encountered—although this may be due to the author's familiarity with occidental life and thought, and to his skill as interpreter. That the true presentation of an ideal is his chief care is manifest throughout the book. To it he sacrifices the somewhat ornate style of his previous writing and produces a narrative almost entirely bare of rhetorical ornament—as it were forgetful, in its moral earnestness, of æsthetic concern, and the self-effacing sincerity of his manner is very winning as he presents the figure of Rama Krishna.

We are familiar in western mysticism with the ideal of God-experience as the purpose of life and with the mystic's nostalgia for the vision once known. A nation of mystics is represented by this gentle and wholesome saint who reveals a tolerance of other "ways of salvation"—an appreciation of other than mystical values—unsurpassed in saintly tradition. We are used to the comparison of eastern and western ideals as the way of Mary and the way of Martha, the counterpoise of faith and works, the deathless dispute as to precedence of character or conduct. Determinism and idealism have been very nearly synonymous with occidental and oriental points of view. A small and rather deprecating number of western idealists have bowed politely but with due reserve toward the East, but there is no general apprehension—until Mr. Mukerji introduces his master—of any western gesture in oriental thought. This gospel of Rama Krishna makes rapprochement seem possible, since it is not only a restatement of a philosophical position in terms comprehensible to western sympathies, but an exemplary appeal to a tolerance we profess loudly and practice little. Besides the sympathy such efforts toward mutual understanding cannot fail to evoke we feel a new appreciation of what is quite incidentally the finest writing Mr. Mukerji has done.

D. B. WOOLSEY.

Contributors

GUY GREER is the author of The Ruhr-Lorraine Industrial Problem (Institute of Economics Series) and a former member of the staff of the Institute of Economics in Washington.

MARTHA GRUENING has made a study of modern schools both in this country and in Europe. She is at present living in Paris.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, poet, critic and editor of poetry, has just published Collected Parodies.

ROBERT H. LOWIE is the author of Myths and Traditions of the Crow Indians, Primitive Society, and Primitive Religion.

ROBERT HERRICK, formerly professor of English at the University of Chicago, is the author of Together, Waste, and Chimes.

ERNESTINE EVANS has been on the editorial staff of the Christian Science Monitor and the New York Tribune.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New
REPUBLIC

Children's Book Section

Contents

A Boy's Reading Fifty Years Ago..Robert Morss Lovett 334
Trends in Children's Books.....Ernestine Evans 336
The Youngest Intellectuals.....Elisabeth Irwin 339
First Poetry.....Genevieve Taggard 341
Books and the Movies.....John S. Cohen, Jr. 343
Bo Peep, Old Woman, and Slow Mandy.....
Hughes Mearns..... 344
Epics and Fairy Tales.....Padraic Colum 346
Indian Tales for Children.....Mary Austin 348
Little Machinery.....Ruth L. Ashenhurst 349
Lucy Sprague Mitchell.....Eva vB. Hansl 349
"Teaching" English Literature.....Lewis Mumford 351
From Out Their World.....Constance Naar 352
The White Leader.....Jacqueline Overton 352
History for Boy and Girl Scouts.....
Katherine Anne Porter..... 353
The Doctor Dolittle Books.....Marcia Dalphin 353
Toro of the Little People.....Jean Kenyon Mackenzie 354
A Misplaced Movie.....George F. Thomson 355
Morals in Friendly Calico.....Rebecca Hourwich 355
Picture Tales.....Peggy Bacon 356
Perils on Land and Sea.....John Nicholas Beffel 357
For Little Children.....Babette Deutsch 358
Native Drums at Sunset.....J. N. B. 359
Smoky, Wild Mustang.....R. L. 360
The Hunter.....C. B. 360
Jason and the Princess.....M. W. B. 360
With Taro and Hana in Japan.....E. W. 360

A Boy's Reading Fifty Years Ago

FIFTY years ago I learned to read, and great was the joy thereat on the part of my elders. In those days, child-study mothers and teachers had not become aware of the danger of allowing the child's world to be stereotyped by presentations of life through the printed page. Reading kept a child quiet, safe, within call, out of mischief. It was a virtue, to be cultivated even at the expense of a minor vice known as eating between meals. I found it hard to wrangle cookies to furnish the commissariat of an Indian raid, but light provisions could be secured without much question when requisitioned with a book in hand. Thus one appetite stimulated the other, and I became omnivorous.

I was too late for the Rollo books, and though I read them at odd times they were never a part of my library. The fashion in juvenile literature among people of culture was set by the Bodley books, by Horace E. Scudder of the Atlantic Monthly. The Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country related the migration of the Bodleys from Boston to Roxbury. It had nothing of the didacticism of Rollo; it furnished no excitement of adventure, travel, machinery, or sentiment; its appeal was entirely to what used to be called the domestic affections; it was as wholesome as oatmeal—and yet how entertaining! I think this quality must have come from Uncle Horace's style. For several years Christmas was signalized by the appearance of a new Bodley book; but the author's inspiration ran out, and for the later books he took to foreign travel. This I resented, for that field was already occupied by the Zigzag books, the work of another Boston editor, Hezekiah Butterworth of The Youth's Companion. These were like the Bodley books, most agreeably written and incredibly wholesome. There must have been many other readers of these series, for they sold by the hun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dred thousand, but I never found any boy or girl to share my enthusiasm for them.

Especially my cousins, a large and ill-regulated family who were free to browse in their father's library and read Cooper and Marryat, would have none of them. It was visiting these cousins which broke down my standards of polite literature, and sharpened my taste for the sensational. They had a large number of volumes by Elijah Kellogg, in particular the Wolf Run series, which treated of a settlement on the Juniata during the French and Indian Wars. The hardy frontiersmen committed atrocities upon their enemies and upon the English language, and my mother had many misgivings, but after all Kellogg was a clergyman! I believe that the inhumanity with which my generation has behaved toward the Indian is in some part due to the racial passion excited by violent demonstrations of the thesis: the only good Indian is a dead Indian. The Wolf Run stories had one great advantage over the Bodley books. Even I could see that you couldn't act out the doings of the Bodleys—you did that at every meal and bedtime; but stories of Indian fighting could be reproduced in the wilderness of Blue Hill. Cooper was better for this purpose than Kellogg because he was so much more specific. My aunt's larder was more accessible than my mother's, and food, which has been inseparable in my mind from the pursuit of literature, once obtained, Leatherstocking, with Uncas and Chingachgook to guide him, could pursue the wily Magda from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. Later, Cooper's sea stories proved to have the same quality of easy dramatization with a henhouse for a ship. Captain Mayne Reid, on the contrary, offered very thin theatre.

The demand for something exciting in reading, once implanted, demanded nourishment. There were, of course, the Beadle half-dime novels of the Wild West, but such reading was a major vice, like smoking sweet fern, and could only be indulged out-of-doors or in school behind a geography. Reproducing the spirit of Beadle's classics, however, but avoiding actual crime as material, were a quantity of books by Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Jr., and Henry Castleman, which recounted the marvelous adventures and triumphs of resourceful young heroes. My mother again looked askance at such. "They will give you a false view of life," she used to say, a comment which has always reminded me of the natural alliance between Puritanism and realism—unless it be for art's sake. But a false view of life was exactly what I wanted. Moreover, I had a rejoinder, Oliver Optic was William T. Adams, a Boston schoolmaster—nearly as good an alibi as the saintly Kellogg's.

It used to be the fashion to publish juvenile books in sets of six, and thus Tattered Tom or Ragged Dick would last exactly a week, with a daily exchange at the circulating library. For Sunday, there was nothing but the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress—until I went to Sunday school. Why my parents were so slow in sending me there I don't know. I hated to go and perhaps evaded it successfully for some time, and when I went I hated the hour with bigger boys who hazed me in subtle ways; but at the end appeared a thin blonde gentleman with his arms full of books, a few of which he left at each class. Books! Well, something might be made out of Sunday school after all. With a card and a catalogue I made out my list of choices by guesswork, for the titles were all new to me, and the next week I drew a prize. The problem of Sunday evening was solved. Since the Sunday school has become a matter of religious education, the Sunday school library of select fiction has suffered a change, but I am glad I belonged to the old school. The books were covered in a gray cloth, and to carry one through the street was to admit the pious nature of your journey, which was painful to me, but the books were ample compensation. Doubtless it was the sober background of the Puritan Sabbath which gave them such sweet savor, but I never read anything with more zest than Froggy's Little Brother, The Little Brown Girl, The Island Home, Orient Boys, Chinks of Clannyford, and a hundred more. I believe now that many of them were first-rate children's books—not much unction, little propaganda except in the temperance books (and you could always avoid them under advice) and a lot of healthy boy and girl life. Many of those that I recall were English, which suggests that we had a librarian a cut above the average.

There was another part of my reading of which I was more ashamed—girls' books. I fell into the habit in a period of starvation. I had galloped through Optic, Alger, Henty and Castleman—all the circulating library offered; I had borrowed all from my cousins that my mother would allow—she drew the line at Marryat; I had read over all my own as I did religiously each year, and Christmas, which unhappily coincided with my birthday, was still a long way off. Then at a neighbor's house where I went to play of an afternoon I saw books which were new to me—sets of six "in a neat box" as the publishers used to say—little, dainty volumes with feminine titles, Little Prudie series, Dotty Dimple series, Flaxie Frizzle series, all by a lady who called herself Sophie May. It was a shameful thing for one who had recently enacted Deerslayer and the Young Engineer even to look at such books and I averted my eyes; but in the evening, with home lessons done and time heavy I bribed my sister to go across the street and borrow Little Susie's Captain Horace—the military title taking off something of the curse. And once drawn in I read the whole lot—they were so small that two or three a day wasn't much—and I fell for them all, all the heroines I mean—sedate Susie, and patient Prudy and dashing Dotty Dimple—my first love. Flaxie Frizzle never made a hit with me somehow. It was probably my own heart interest that engraved these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories on my memory as nothing else in my long course of reading, not even the Sunday school books. This aberration was short. I remember no other girls' books, except, of course, Miss Alcott's, and I made a point of eschewing Elsie Dinsmore. I think I feared to be seduced from Dotty Dimple. It is a saddening reflection to me now that the books of my young age which I hear referred to most often as part of the literary history of America are Beadle's Dime Novels and the Elsie books. In their case I find myself sometimes committing the scholastic imposture of talking about books I have not read.

I did not do much with children's magazines. They were a meagre ration at best, and it was terribly annoying to have to wait for the continuation of the serials. Of course, we took The Youth's Companion, and I remember the breathless intervals between the instalments of J. T. Trowbridge's The Silver Medal, and The Pocket Rifle. In Wide Awake there was a serial by Julia A. Eastman, Young Rick, that was fascinating; and I believe that St. Nicholas presented Mrs. Dodge's Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates, as well as what I remember as one of the best boy's stories I ever read, Phaeton Rogers, by Rossiter Johnson. Phaeton Rogers had an element in which juvenile literature used to be much lacking, that of humor—and when I came to read Tom Sawyer and found the same delicious quality I set apart in my mind these two books as classics.

My youthful reading connects itself with one serious interest of later life, that in military history. I was born too late to get into the Civil War, but my father had fought in it, and we had old soldiers always about. In the book-case were war books, The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape, and Nurse and Spy. Trowbridge, my favorite youth's companion, led me along this path with Cudjo's Cave and The Three Scouts. Then I embarked upon the most stupendous undertaking of my life. I read Greeley's American Conflict, and with my passion for turning narrative into drama I undertook to reproduce the whole war for my own entertainment in an attic room, with paper warriors. The stage was small, and it was difficult to keep the Army of the Potomac out of liaison with the Army of the Cumberland. Sometimes I raced home from school eager for Antietam or the second day of Gettysburg, to find all lines broken, blue and gray in inextricable confusion, artillery lost and generals a. w. o. l. My mother would explain: "The room has to be cleaned sometimes, you know, and we were as careful as we could be." Then with tears would begin the process of reorganizing and refitting, which was no fun at all. How long the play lasted I do not remember. It seems, in retrospect, as long as the war itself, but it could not have been quite that, because we moved from the old house and I lost my stage when I was eleven.

This episode illustrates the fact that in those days history was the premier subject of intellectual effort. A taste for history was carefully nurtured by such books as Charles Dickens's Child's History of England, Higginson's Young Folks History of the United States, and the lively volumes of prejudice and misinformation supplied by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. That I graduated so early into adult history was regarded as evidence of praiseworthy, but dangerous, precocity. Today, of course, natural science has taken the place of history; and instead of the useless parade of military operations, a boy is busy translating his reading into collecting or experimenting. So far as I remember, as a child I never saw a book of natural science—at home, at school, anywhere. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Trends in Children's Books

IT is the Century of the Child proclaimed by Ellen Key. Childhood has ceased to be a terra incognita taken for granted. Like the North Pole, it has become worth much adult attention. Along with devoted pioneering and conscientious study, as in all new fields, much of the hubbub about children, I suspect, is mere exploitation of their parents and of them. Many a reformer and politician, mindful of the Catholic Church, is out to catch the children. We are more often bred than born little conservatives and little liberals. Commerce has discovered the number of expensive things that parents can be made to desire and purchase for their offspring. Yet for all that, there is a hopefulness and a warmth—an illusory air of romantic escape, too, from the world of social castes, and machines and wars—in all enterprises that pertain to youth. The friendliest people I know are the international group experimenting in education. They are more humble than other theorists, for the practice of their theories seems often its own reward. And in the field of children's books, inhabited by teachers, librarians and publishers, parents and children, there is an air of excitement and a lively exchange of ideas that makes one wish that Ruskin were alive.

His dream that somehow all youth should be a ward in chancery and inheritor of the culture of the ages is nearer than it was. But chancery is chancery, social machinery is cumbersome, and conflicting forces prevent youth from the spiritual gold. The gold itself is hid in matrix, and counterfeit glitter confuses three-quarters of our bookshelves.

Yet more and more children today have access to books, independent of family taste and income. City public libraries and state centres that deliver books by truck or rural parcel post multiply and flourish. A reading room with motley text and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reference books, stories, histories, biographies and poetry is a feature now of many private and public schools, and a necessity wherever the Dalton Plan is being tried. Normal and library training schools discuss the possibility of a tremendous increase in the calls for teachers with library training. Supplementary reading in many places means no longer forty copies of the same title for the pupil regiment to goose-read, but forty different titles, forty chances instead of one to invite permanent interest in books. And with this element of choice entering the school, we are discovering things that we should have known all along—that we need not have set Billy down as without a taste for reading. It was just because he had tastes and interests personal to himself that he rejected what we offered. Fairies were dull; Sohrab and Rustum bored him, but The Boys' Book of the U. S. Mails, by Irving Crump, was easily tied up with his collection of air mail stamps, and he was reconciled to reading. We discover new evaluations for books—what do *children* think of them, or need from them? Carleton Washburne's The Winnetka Graded Book List (a misleading title) published by the American Library Association, and Children's Interest in Reading, by Professor Jordan of the University of North Carolina, which includes a study of magazine reading, are statistical beginnings in this field. The librarians have long been making observations on the subject. Lucy Sprague Mitchell of the City and Country School has been studying the reading interests of very young children, and the Pedagogical Technicum in Moscow is keeping similar records, using Mrs. Mitchell's Here and Now stories as the basis of their experiment.

The last eight years have seen not only a trebling of the numbers of children's books published annually, but the beginnings of a critical literature about them. Credit must be given the Bookman for opening its pages to Miss Annie Carroll Moore of the New York Public Library. The publication of her critical comment on the writers and illustrators of children's books, her tireless work in bringing to the attention of publishers the need for new editions of old favorites, her respect for what children choose themselves, and her own positive taste in literature can be felt wherever two or three are gathered together to discuss her subject. Her Three Owls page in the Sunday New York Herald Tribune to which an increasing number of witty and observant writers contribute is a thorn in the side of more than one publisher who used to put mediocre contents between bright jackets and profit by the rush of Christmas shopping, and a delight to many more whose beautiful and quiet offerings might have been lost in the Niagara of new titles were it not for this public heralding of good work. The Horn Book, published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, under the auspices of The Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, is the only magazine devoted entirely to children's reading, and its editor, Miss Bertha Mahoney, has a growing influence, notably because her interest in all educational experiments is recorded as well as her interest in books, and the magazine can be depended on for carefully chosen bibliographies. A parent seriously interested in children's reading will find these two streams of critical comment the most valuable in the country. Miss Moore's Roads to Childhood, New Roads to Childhood and Crossroads to Childhood (Doran) and The Three Owls (Macmillan) contain both her own opinions and little essays from her flock of reviewers, and the Horn Book, too, is available in bound copies. Children's Reading, by Lewis M. Terman and Margaret Lima (Appleton) approaches the subject from a slightly different angle; and The Children's Catalogue, published by the H. W. Wilson Company, makers of The Reader's Guide, is invaluable in acquainting those who are not within reach of a good library or a modern bookstore, with 1,200 recommended titles on a variety of subjects, chosen from library lists the country over. Of shorter lists and guides there are a growing number, some good and some bad. The United States Bureau of education makes lists of recommended books; so do department stores, parents' associations, The Girl Scouts, The Boy Scouts Reading Council Committee. The public libraries prepare lists on a hundred different lines, for holidays, by age, by subject, for girls, for boys. It is interesting to note in passing that librarians report an appetite for so-called boys' books by girls, but no corresponding eagerness by boys. The Child Study Association of America has an excellent pamphlet on The Child's First Books and many of the experimental schools have made suggestive reading lists. The world is teeming with advice on the subject. One advisor will plead for books about the real world. Excellent for little Chester who interrupts every story with: "Is it *really* so?" and goes back to his hammering if one hesitates to back Cupid and Psyche. Another will be eloquent on the harm we do with Little Red Riding Hood to tender natures. Yet what about Bridget de Sélincourt, dancing in her English garden, who always greeted me, "Have you any tales of horror today?" and has grown up gently on shipwreck and murder and The Faerie Queen? Lists are not gospel. First, you must know your particular child; and a sceptic will take into account the probable motives of the list maker. Half those that circulate are mere advertisement, and even librarians anxious for grand totals in the annual report have made stupid ones.

There are more readers, and more books, and I think better books than there were ten years ago. The new editions of old favorites astonish and delight me. The Little Library edition of The King of the Golden River, quaintly illustrated by Mary Lott Seaman, is one of the most satisfactory of them all. Doran has brought out a cheaper edition

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Margery Bianco's beloved The Velveteen Rabbit, with William Nicholson's illustrations, which every poor aunt should buy for Christmas stockings, and Hansel and Gretel, quarto, boxed, with Kay Nielsen's illustrations in black and white and color, is a proper purchase for rich uncles. The Riverside Bookshelf edition of Lavengro, Pilgrim's Progress and William J. Hopkin's She Blows! and Sparm at That (Houghton, Mifflin); the Scribner edition of The Last Days of Pompeii; Adam Bede and Lorna Doone, in the International Classics series from Dodd, Mead—Lorna whole, not cut by a timid puritan editor as sometimes happens in editions for the young—all these seem to me beautifully made and satisfying editions. And this in spite of my personal preference for little pocket size books printed on thin paper with no opulence about them at all. The most distinguished of the new editions is the Tales of Laughter for little children, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, long out of print, and never available at all before with anything like Elizabeth MacKinstry's illustrations of goats and geese and old women with pancake trays, drawings at once beautiful and truly comic.

The Story of Jesus, edited by Ethel Nathalie Dana, a collection in color of pictures by Giotto, Fra Angelico and other Italian painters, with New Testament text first issued in 1920, comes again in a less expensive edition (Boston: Marshall Jones Company: $12) is still unique among children's books. Skazki, tales and legends of old Russia, told by Ida Zeitlin and illustrated by Theodore Nadejen, should get the Pulitzer prize for color printing, if there were one, and Bubbleoon, by Edith Keely Stokely, is gaily illustrated, too, but a bit affected reading after Poor Cecco (Doran), or the timeless Pinocchio (Macmillan). Story books must live by the story. The pictures, however enticing, are, after all, "extra."

Certain general trends in children's books can be observed in the fall list. We are in for more and more anthologies. A new edition of Modern Biography, edited by Marietta Hyde (Harcourt), introduced as a school book last year, offers a rare chance to let children browse in biography. Chapters describing Mark Twain's life on a Missouri farm, Emily Dickinson's school days, Edison's first workshop, and Queen Victoria's marriage are among the eighteen. I am not at all helped by the editor's notions of "inborn greatness" as expressed in the introduction, but the chapters from Strachey and Sandburg are extraordinarily well chosen. Modern Great Americans, by Frederick Law (Century), The Story of the Williams, by Grace Humphrey (Penn), Little Stories of Famous Explorers, by Laura Large (W. A. Wilde Company) all offer variety in subject, but little distinction in style. Last year's Microbe Hunters and Rebel Saints still overshadow other studies in biography and should go hand in hand to make a balanced story of science and religion. Believing, as I do, with Mary Heaton Vorse, that it is the spirit of P. T. Barnum, and not Abe Lincoln's that broods over America, I welcome The Boy's Life of Barnum by Harvey W. Root (Harper's), and I shall buy three copies of A Magician of Science (Century), though the title is rather Barnumish, because here is a record of Charles Steinmetz, "who never took statements on hearsay," a great mathematician, a courageous and wise man.

Children have their "Outlines" as well as their biographies, following the fashion of adult books. Mrs. Mitchell's book on horses is the best. Lady Erleigh's In the Beginning (Doubleday), a first history for little children and The Adventure of Man, a brief history of the world by F. C. Happold, of the Perse School, Cambridge, supplement but do not supplant Van Loon's The Story of Mankind.

Mary Austin estimates elsewhere the new books from Indian life. Three other native tales, formerly on adult lists, have quietly moved over and announced themselves as "juveniles." Paul Bunyan and His Great Blue Ox, retold by Wallace Wadsworth, with Will Crawford's illustrations (Doran), Paul Bunyan by James Stevens, with woodcuts by Allen Lewis (Knopf) and Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains by Percy Mackaye, with decorations by Miss MacKinstry. Language and tales are salt and native, North American Hercules and Munchausen. Reginald Wright Kauffman's Seventy-Six (Penn), The American Twins of the Revolution by Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton Mifflin), Elsie Singmaster's Book of the United States (Doran), are notable additions to the history shelves. But I presume it will be years before the young get any taste of the history debunked that is now permitted to their elders.

The best of the fall "busy books" is Your Workshop (Macmillan) by Edna Plimpton, teacher of manual arts in the Brooklyn Ethical Culture school. It is a beautiful and practical little volume for child carpenters, and is a promise that from the new schools, where children "do" things in shops and laboratories, a whole wealth of books is yet to come helping the child to order its activities. The Complete Playcraft Book by Patten Beard (Stokes), will make for quiet in the home and noise in the barn, but is not so interesting from a teacher's point of view, nor such an attractive example of bookmaking.

Children's Book Week, the evangelical week promoting better books for children in which the National Association of Book Publishers, the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, The General Federation of Women's Clubs, schools, libraries and other organizations collaborate has proved under Marion Humble's executive lead, a clearing house of ideas. It is celebrated for the eighth time this year from Nov. 7-13. The giving of the Newbery medal, the gift of Frederic Melcher, to the author of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most distinguished American book of the year for children, was for the fifth time a feature of the annual convention of the American Library Association last month when Arthur Bowie Chrisman's Shen of the Sea was added to The Story of Mankind, The Story of Dr. Dolittle, The Dark Frigate and Tales from Silver Lands.

Yet in spite of the facts that since the machines squeezed the world to the size of any free, or rich man's hand, we have Japanese children's books on Boston counters, that enterprising young editors comb the earth in an imperial search for tales to translate, that writers from Ireland and Africa, artists from Italy and Russia come to live and trade in New York, and that the salutary process of criticism is building up sales resistance to bad and futile "juveniles," and everywhere there is interest, we are really only a step along Ruskin's road. All books and especially children's books are much too expensive. Real distribution can hardly be said to have started at all. In Vienna Helene Scheu-Riesz dreams of a little paper covered library of a thousand titles, beautifully illustrated and well printed, riches from Goethe, Tolstoy, Lewis, Swift and Gautier, at less than ten cents the copy; and a day when we shall not only teach children to read, but graduate them from school each with a hundred little books as private property. She has already chosen many of her titles. They have been printed in many languages including English, for it is to be a world library for all children everywhere. Perhaps she, perhaps the National Committee for Juvenile Reading in Madison Square Tower which for many months has been studying children's books and magazines quietly and mysteriously, perhaps some Junior Golden Book possessed of second serial rights, perhaps Geneva where more than one official of the League of Nations can be heard murmuring, "Something must be done about books for children," perhaps Russia, where paper covered works for young readers about newspapers and wireless and economics and country life, with imaginative illustrations by the best artists are reproduced by a color printing technique far superior to our own, will give the lead in cheaper editions of both old tales and modern ones.

The recent discovery of a horn book, under the floor of Anne Hathaway's cottage, with initials carved W. S., that *may* be William Shakespeare's, gives me pause. There was a boy who had no Book of Knowledge, no Child's Garden of Verses, no Alice: a fact which has nothing to do with the case, and leaves undiminished my wish for a Machine Age horn of plenty spilling the treasures of the past and the creations of the present, beautifully, variously and widely. ERNESTINE EVANS.

The Youngest Intellectuals

IF a child of six is put into the first grade of any ordinary school and does not within a short time learn to read, it is the cause of great alarm to his parents. And it is rightly so, for only rather stupid children are incapable of receiving, under pressure, the training necessary to associate the sounds with the symbols and of running them together into something easily recognizable to the trained ear as words and sentences. Because of the uniformity of this procedure and its success, it has come to be a matter of shame to parents when their young reach the age of seven or eight and are still illiterate. It is therefore very hard to persuade a mother, and still harder an ambitious father, that any possible advantage can result from leaving off voluntarily the teaching of reading and writing until a child is eight instead of six. If, however, no attempt is made to teach a child to read until he is eight years old, that is another matter and no one need blush for the family name. But it is hard to combat tradition and a certain amount of opposition is always met with when you tamper with such sacred prerogatives.

I have had within the last few years personal conversations with many parents of six-year-old children concerning this very matter. I always meet the same series of objections. "I want my child to be educated." "I want him to know as much as the other children." "I am ashamed of him beside his little cousins." "I am afraid he will get behind and not catch up." "He wants to have books to carry like the other boys."

It would be hard to meet these deep-seated objections if we did not have the backing of the children. But the boy who is carrying home the boat he has made does not long feel inferior to the one with a first reader under his arm. Nor does the child who can stand on his head successfully have to retreat before his little cousin who can pretty nearly spell cat. And even father finds it does as well to boast that his son of six can swim as that he can read about the little red hen.

The idea that you are depriving a child of one of his inalienable rights when you do not introduce him to the art of reading at the earliest possible moment is not confined to parents alone. Most of our "best minds" will look at you soberly through their horn-rimmed glasses and tell you how at the age of four or five their happiest moments were spent in reading. Perhaps they would be wearing the glasses just the same if this had not been true, and very likely they are willing to pay the price, anyway. But there is some basis for the funny-paper pictures of little Boston-beans poring over a volume of Darwin while the Tom Sawyers and Penrods are always pictured with freckles and torn pants.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The eye strain involved in early reading is only comparable to what happens to little legs when they are used for walking while the bones are rachitic. Eyes and muscles as well as bones must grow gradually into the mature functions which they are to perform. Reading and writing demand extremely fine muscular adjustments. In the case of writing it is easy to see by the poor quality of the product that little hands are better fitted to balls and bats than to pens and pencils. It is not lack of practice alone that makes an infant's scrawl such a record of unsuccessful struggle. It is an inappropriate activity for a child. Children of eight can learn to write in three months so that their copy is at once more beautiful and more legible than that of their contemporaries who have had two years of daily practice. Even at this age, the youngster's need of this art is very limited and his practice of it should be allowed to stop here. To force long pages of written copy just as a straining after perfection is bad for the writing and worse for the child.

It is written in many big books which nobody reads that children should develop the use of their large muscles first. Yet any sunny morning at eleven o'clock you will find a world full of six-year-olds bent over little screwed-down desks making little marks on little papers or sitting "tall like soldiers," hands clasped on desk, learning phonograms and as serious as little judges trying to "be promoted." If I could have my way I'd turn them all out with balls and bats, hoops and jumping ropes and let them be as illiterate as nature made them for at least another year or two. To be sure they can't play ball all day. No, but there are a hundred things between that and sitting scrunched up in straight rows in a close hot room with books and an overworked teacher. They can go on all kinds of expeditions. They can sing and dance and paint and draw. They can hammer and saw and listen to stories—far better stories than they can read themselves for years to come.

It is not on a physical basis alone that modern educators feel that more maturity is desirable before the technique of reading is attacked. Children who remain in the home until six still have something to learn of the world by actual contact before they begin to gather vicariously a group of impressions of what it is all about. To put the main emphasis of the school day upon the inculcation of a symbolic language, when there is so much to be gleaned from the natural environment of a child, would seem, were it not for tradition, a stupid proceeding. For every thousand children on the East Side of New York who know how to spell cow, how many have ever seen one? Yet there is one tethered to a post in Central Park. Within a few blocks of the docks, children sit in stuffy rooms and spell out stories about boats. It is not that anyone wishes to limit a child's knowledge about any of these things to what he can merely observe for himself, but both science and imagination must have at least some simple concepts to begin with, somewhere to jump off from. The child from a tenement home has very meagre opportunities for broadening his first-hand experiences, and unless the school feels some responsibility for giving him his original contacts all his later education will be hampered by a habit of forming vague instead of concrete images.

A neurotic person is one who has an insufficient grasp upon reality, who thinks of life in hopelessly symbolic and romantic terms. Usually this tendency is fed by literature and day-dreaming. I can think of no better way to counteract such a tendency than by an early training in taking life-experiences first-hand and establishing an interest in real things. Probably nothing is more important to the happiness and efficiency of an individual than a feeling that his life is going to go, that it will be a success, and that he is captain of the craft. To only a few people, if to any, does this experience come through any form of intellectual activity. To most children I believe it comes most often either through some simple form of manual activity or through social functioning in a group of peers. Providing opportunities for this mood to become habitual is one of the most important functions of education. It cannot happen legitimately in a competitive atmosphere. Learning to read with young children is usually accomplished on a highly competitive basis. This is a motive easily built up in any group and, properly played upon by the teacher, accomplishes wonders in teaching a dull or unsympathetic subject. Reading as it is usually taught is this to most children. It is only by establishing a competitive spirit that the difficult technique is mastered by immature minds.

If a child's day is filled with many varied interests and activities during his first two years at school, if he begins to feel that he is master of the material world, that he can see the way to feed and clothe himself, can organize a group and put through a project, if he knows that information to help him further these ends is stored in books, he is not going to need artificial stimulation to learn to use them. When the moment comes to help such children to read, a surprisingly short time is needed to establish them as better readers than their brothers.

By the time a normal child is eight years old, he is mature enough in mind and body to learn to read very well in a year without a struggle on the part of anyone. He learns to compass long eye-spans and forms habits of reading for content that are totally impossible to a six-year-old. It is within my recent experience to find a boy who when he was almost eight could not read the simplest primer —he had never been urged to—and one year later was reading Huckleberry Finn with vast enjoyment and appreciation.

Bright children usually learn to read of them-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves with very little help before they are eight and the task of the modern school becomes one of luring them from this field into activity. "Do you prevent your children from learning to read when they want to?" we are often asked reproachfully. Not by main force do we prevent them, but if we can make reality more enticing and participation in active enterprises more interesting, we feel that we have succeeded better than if we leave them bent double over the Book of Knowledge.

On the other hand it is positively cruel to try to teach dull children to read at the usual age. You can at best do so only very meagrely, mechanically and unsuccessfully. If during this immature period they get the idea that this sort of feckless struggle is what school and life is all about, they become stifled in an atmosphere of failure that it is almost impossible to dispel. If instead they first build up a positive reaction to the school environment, at about eight or nine they make slow but steady progress which is all that can be expected. They are especially in need of help along the other paths that are open, muscular activity, real experiences and artistic expression.

With all kinds of children, the smart and the stupid, the fast and the slow, the blonde and brunette, I can see nothing to be gained by stuffing down their throats something which in itself is a perfectly delightful gift as if it were a dose of medicine. Instead why not wait until a certain exercise of the intelligence upon the problems of their miniature world induces a hunger for information and a thirst for intellectual adventure that will demand the aid of books? We always value more highly that which we reach for than that which is forced upon us. ELISABETH IRWIN.

First Poetry

CHILDREN'S classics have not been written for that dull concept, Childhood in the Abstract. Alice in Wonderland was evoked from a mathematics professor by the special tastes and the possible disdain of a very real little lady. Ruskin wrote the King of the Golden River, Kingsley wrote Water Babies, Stevenson wrote Treasure Island for a highly critical audience of one. The Pied Piper of Hamelin designed itself for Browning Junior. Fathers and amateurs, they wrote because it was demanded; the professional writer for children becomes by comparison, a commonplace hack: what an adult in his ignorance supposes a child in the abstract will want is usually worthless.

But children will not stay within the limits of a little literature starred as written for one of their own. Outside this golden enclosure is the literature of the whole race, belonging to them not because they are children, but because they are readers. What will they want from this vast store? What should they have?

Turn a boy or a girl loose in a library; like a sheep, grazing, he will eat the good herbs and let the bad alone, Ruskin advised. On such an assumption it is nothing amiss, I suppose, to include dull and inferior poetry in a children's anthology, except that the poems take up space that might be given to better. On such a basis I object to a few in Mr. Untermeyer's collection (This Singing World for Younger Children: Harcourt, Brace), and to more in that by Edgar and Chilman (A Treasury of Verse for School and Home: Crowell). I want an anthology for children to contain just what I want for myself—the best of the language and time, with the greatest possible diversity.

The fascinating game of guessing which pages will be best soiled and thumbed is endless. As soon as you assume that all children want naturalness you find them memorizing Ulalume and The Bells; as soon as you get them rollicking ballads they are demanding the gossamer Walter de la Mare. Even Milton, ponderous and moral, is sometimes a favorite. I remember a twelve-year-old who kept saying, "Sabrina fair, Listen where Thou art sitting." At the Lincoln School in the poetry class conducted by Mr. Hughes Mearns, it is reported that the children laugh at a lapse in a Noyes verse, although they begin in astonished enchantment when they first find At Kew and Apes and Ivory. Lapses, therefore, are forbidden; all else is guesswork.

The idea of an anthology, itself, is right for a child reader, because the structure of such a book, as Mr. Untermeyer has suggested in his introduction, implies that if you don't like one page you can always turn to the next without self-reproach. The old textbook world, where the meagre song was cast in an elevated voice, proved extremely hard on all children except those who naturally like the elevated. And hard not merely for its lacks, but because it gave them no place to employ what is perhaps the most precious delight in a taste for literature—the chance to dislike this by comparison with that. Take a grown-up who has enjoyed his reading as a child through a good collection; he will be as gleeful proclaiming his ancient aversions as he will his loves. Such an ability is the test of a literary existence; the great moment when a child says, "Mother, I think (Tennyson, Longfellow, Shakespeare, Browning—any one of these or anyone else) is bum, terrible, silly nonsense," is a dizzy moment.

Mr. Untermeyer's collection is composed of modern poems selected for younger children. There

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is much care, intelligence and tender imagination in the book from beginning to end. But good as the collection is, I think it might be bettered in future editions by adding Miss Millay's Songs of a Very Little Sphinx; Chesterton's Town of Roundabout, Milne entire and more Nathalia Crane. As to the sections, I would suggest that Birds and Beasts be expanded to twice its present length beyond the size of Children and Other People and Fairies and Phantoms. Modern poetry is especially rich in poems about animals; the animal shares our own destiny at last, and we write of him as no other age has written—as children feel, when they peer through the bars in the Zoo.

Mr. Untermeyer concludes with two sections, Stars to Hitch to, and the Heroic Heart. Neither section quite covers one of the most pressing of a child's interests: his wonder as a small philosopher, about life and death, and time and space—questions and suppositions that start buzzing in his head as soon as he learns to talk. The poetry of Hilda Conkling and Nathalia Crane reveal two intrepid little metaphysicians; nearly everything they write has a sense of the cosmos. Such a section would be very popular, I think. Perhaps it would be difficult to find poems of this sort apart from too religious terminology; perhaps their material would seem at first glance to have in it too many of the doubts and conflicts of the adult. But we all aid in the plot to give the child the illusion that he lives on a benign planet; we go on assuring him of an orderly and righteous universe because we hate to break the news to him any sooner than we have to, of its bitterness and absurdity. His own two eyes soon discover imperfection, and all wonder and glory soon become suspect, in consequence. Our grandest and most solemn verse is not out of place in a child's anthology.

For this reason, although it is somewhat old-fashioned, I like the Treasury of Verse selected by Edgar and Chilman. The verse ranges from "The boy stood on the burning deck" to Intimations of Immortality . . . from Sir Edward Dyer to Hilda Conkling. The chief fault of this book as it stands is its insipid Ladies' Home Journal illustrations. Why not go to the Lincoln or the Walden School and get the children's own impressions of these poems? Publishers in the future would do well to consult the March number of Progressive Education. In these days of a vast book out-put there is an avalanche of shoddy illustrating in juvenile books especially.

Silver Pennies contains for all its pleasant single poems the exact error that no children's book should contain—a little sermon or artificial comment before each selection, in the tone of the teacher who takes from reading the first sip of enjoyment. Work, by Henry Van Dyke, is prefaced in this manner: "The greatest blessing in the world is work. There is nothing much more difficult than to sit still and do nothing. Sometimes we are inclined to forget all this and complain because we have work to do. This poem should help to make us more cheerful and contented."

Fairies and Friends by Rose Fyleman (Doran), seems to me a pleasant little book of unobjectionable verse, a little monotonous in rhythm, a little ordinary in its assumed child air. I would take it only to a little girl who was a perfectly correct little girl, whose nurse would read it to her only as a matter of custom. There are pleasant bits in Fifty Country Rhymes (Appleton) and Little Hop Skipper (Doran), but in general, they also merit merely a nursie's voice and a sound sleep.

Pillicock Hill (Macmillan) is quite another thing again. Aunt Jane—(there's a poem to get your teeth into)—goes as follows:

> Aunt Jane's in such a hurry,
> She makes us all perplexed,
> And when I'm in one moment,
> She's always in the next.
>
> When I ride a camel,
> She talks of getting down:
> And when I start to paddle
> She talks of boys who drown.
>
> She talks about the doctor,
> When cakes are going free:
> And while I stroke an elephant,
> She says, I'll catch a flea.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Aunt Jane's in such a hurry,
> She makes us all perplexed:
> And when I'm in one moment,
> She's always in the next.

Pillicock Hill is not as indefinably good as When We Were Very Young, but it is good; it has charm. But best of this group, I like Taxis and Toadstools (Doubleday, Page)—poems such as The Florist Shop, At the Bank, Push Cart Row. The whole book has a gaiety and a zest rather unusual in such writing; it is delightfully decorated by the author. City and country poems are alike happy:

> Ho, for taxis green or blue,
> Hi, for taxis red
> They roll along the Avenue,
> Like spools of colored thread!

This is better than endless truffle about fairies. There should be an edict from Fairyland restraining anyone from writing about fairies who doesn't believe in them. Miss Field's little book does as well by the red-capped moss as it does by a skyscraper, and the other way round. It will be dog-eared in many nurseries.

It is very wrong to suppose that all right-minded, well parented children will of course like poetry. I know a little girl whose only obsession during the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entire summer was to hang bat-like by her two heels from every banister, bedstead and picket-fence available. There isn't any poetry yet written that will take the place and sublimate such an impulse; and rightly enough, when poems were read to this inveterate inverter she ignored them just as she would refuse to listen when her father said "Eat your carrots." Children love display and decoration and joy, expressed extravagantly; they want intoxication and an extension of all their experiences. But they are capable of finding these in all manner of human diversions not commonly regarded as part of the arts—they love dress, moving pictures and auto rides. Until they can get as keen a sense of happiness out of words on a printed page, as they can out of direct contact with this bewildering many-colored world, they should not have poetry intruded upon them. The sense of beauty which everyone has born with him anew, is an exquisite thing; philistine hands should not maul it. Better to leave it untouched until it wakes up and makes itself apparent.

O, she is neither good nor bad,
But innocent and wild;
Enshrine her, and she dies, who had
The hard heart of a child.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Books and the Movies

OVER ninety million people attend motion picture theatres every week in the United States. Of this gargantuan number 25 percent are children.

These children are fed, day in and out, with the stuff of the screen, a diet never prescribed, certainly, by any Doctor Holt of literature. They are fed with cowboy heroes, cattle-rustling villains, marcelled heroines of the lone prairie, society "wolves," glittering debutantes, "romantic," stylized myth-figures conjured up for minds that will be impressed by them.

The movies being such a new thing in the modern world, and moviedom such a jungle of commercial, pioneer and untamed forces that there are no steady answers to any of the questions about the screen, it is fair to ask, without expecting any positive answer: What effect will cinema romance have on the reading tastes of the present generation? Many of the English classics have been put into motion pictures. Is that a cause for joy among librarians and classic-reading parents? Is it the books their parents knew (or didn't know) that the young meet in the movies? Do the children really receive these books through translation into cinema? Do young people develop a taste for books, for fairy tales, for realistic tales, by watching films? Fair questions to be asked at any conference about books and children in 1926. To which, out of a chaos, one point alone emerges clearly. No book is ever properly translated to the screen. I do not mean that the motion picture is such a primitive and elemental medium that wit, satire, symbolism find no place in it. Nor that it is so limited that achievements on a par with the poetry of Shakespeare and the novels of Dostoyevsky are not to be expected of it. It can, and has, offered Olympian wonders. But it is a visual medium, purely and simply, and it presents what Hergesheimer calls "shapes in light" which move in individual scenes and thereby tell a story. The cinema offers ready-made visual image. It leaves comparatively little to the imagination. Whereas, the business of a book is to conjure in the reader's mind certain images which are part and parcel of himself.

If, then, a book is not a book when it becomes a cinema we may cease to be afraid that things so different will compete with each other. Certainly no one having seen the Sea Beast can pretend acquaintance with Moby Dick. A rubber whale and the names of a few characters were all the Sea Beast (financially a most successful movie) had, even to remind its audiences of Melville's masterpiece. But if the producers of the Sea Beast had followed the story of Moby Dick precisely as it was written, they could never have made anything comparable with the book in the new medium. It would have to be different.

We need not be afraid that children will refuse any particular book, saying "I saw it on the screen." The answer is, nobody ever saw a *book*, certainly not a good one, on the screen. But there is another fear to speculate about. It is entirely possible that the children of this generation, as the result of motion pictures, may develop an antipathy for reading; for the movies, and the tabloid newspapers, and the rotogravure sections, and the increasing speed of city life in the United States all tend to develop our sight sense away from the more deliberate experience of reading.

The screen becomes a habit—I speak from experience as a motion picture reviewer—which acts like a drug. One feels, after a year or so of constant attendance at the hypnotic shrine of celluloid moving before a path of light, that attendance three times a week is absolutely necessary. The habitué suffers without it.

There is no use railing against the screen because it has such a hold on the peoples, not only of America but of the whole world. Here is a new medium of communication, democratic, persuasive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to literate and illiterate alike, and the wise intellectual will study its universal appeal, try to capture it for his own "message," to use a hated but accurate term. He will not abuse it roundly, nor be frightened of it as an enemy to books. He will live to see new books influenced by it as one of the social phenomena of our time, but he can defend the classics from confusion with "screen versions" by realizing himself the impossibility and the impiety of a *book* on the screen. He need have no fears, unless they be Wellsian ones of an overdevelopment of the sense of sight, sotted with too much movement in the modern world.

JOHN S. COHEN, JR.

Bo Peep, Old Woman, and Slow Mandy

Being Three Theories of Reading

I

WHEN a mother wrote asking for a private consultation on a very serious matter concerning her twelve-year-old boy I was prepared for many intimate disclosures, but not for her nervous and almost tearful ejaculation, "My son reads nothing but the Motor Boat Boys, one after another, and then begins the series all over again. What *is* to be done about it!"

My answer did not please her at all. "Nothing need be done about it," I assured her. "It is a normal, healthy sign. Be thankful that he reads at all."

"But we are a literary family!" she cried, annoyed at my light attitude. "We read the best books. He is surrounded by—everything; but he just will not look at anything but the Motor Boat Boys, and we've tried both punishment and money to make him stop."

She represented a common worry of literary mothers, who do not seem to understand that taste is a matter of normal growth, that it has its juvenile stage as well as its adult stage, and that, like all growth, it cannot be uprooted or transplanted at will without danger. Literary mothers and teachers generally are disturbed when children read books appropriate to their growth-stage; so they introduce penalties or rewards to cure what they believe to be an evil.

At the beginning of the consultation, therefore, I proceeded to break down the false fears of this worried mother, and I could do so with assurance because for five years a group of us had been studying the growth in reading taste in a considerable number of children in all school grades from the first to the end of the senior high school. At that moment I had before me a plot of the reading-for-pleasure of the oldest group. It was most satisfactory from any standard that one might raise; and I had records of the reading of these same children when they were twelve-year-olds. I could show the mother how the girls had gone through their Campfire Girls' Larks and Pranks and the boys their Boy Scouts in the Philippines to emerge five years later with an unaffected delight in George Meredith's The Egoist and George Bernard Shaw's Cæsar and Cleopatra.

It was easy, I recall, to bring assuring proof to this literary mother; and she has since found justification for our faith in her own lad. He came out of the Motor Boat Series at the proper season, and one day she dropped in to tell us gleefully how the boy had been holding forth rather vehemently in the home circle for three books that they had not yet got around to, Flecker's Hassan, Stephens's Crock of Gold and Maurois's Ariel, literary enough each of them to suit the most ambitious of mothers. "He seemed just a little annoyed," she smiled, "at our failure to get the books immediately and make up our lack; and a little impatient, too, I think!"

"Ah, ha!" said I, and she grinned at me guiltily.

II

In our study of the reading tastes of children we took at various times a random selection of the favorite books of each young person. The simplest device for getting a cross-section of the taste of a group is to secure the titles of the last few books read and the book now being read. Of course one must have worked up a right attitude toward such private confessions so that there is total absence of posing and no fear of the authorities. We were always at an advantage here because for years we had had no compulsory reading and had welcomed the worst penny dreadful with the same studied indifference as a limited edition on hand-made paper. The objective of our experiment was to discover what would really be read by healthy children if given complete liberty of choice.

Almost invariably in such surveys the seventh grade children were found enthusiastic for juveniles, or for books of adventure by standard authors, or for books about children's affairs; and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gradually from grade to grade the interest swung toward writers of distinction. To take one such list that I have before me, 56 percent of the seventh grade titles are juveniles, divided equally between a literary group like Bob, Son of Battle and Treasure Island and non-literary types such as The Rover Boys and Campfire Girls. In the ninth grade the juveniles drop to 28 percent; in the eleventh grade to 2 percent, and in the twelfth grade there is none at all.

So with standard authors and contemporary books of distinction. About one-third of the seventh grade list might have this high classification, mainly because standard authors like Dumas, Kipling, Marryat, Dickens, Cooper and Doyle have contributed enormously to easy-reading adventure; but this classification accounts for 65 percent of the ninth grade reading-for-pleasure; and in the twelfth grade the voluntary reading is almost wholly on a good mature basis, over 90 percent.

This rapidly taken general view of the book-likings of the whole group gave us other interesting information. We learned, for instance, that for the seventh grade the "mode," or type of book attracting the most readers, was among the non-literary juveniles; for the ninth and tenth grades, among standard authors before Kipling; for the eleventh grade, among standard authors since Kipling (Kipling, Conrad, Masefield, Shaw, Barrie, Synge, Stevenson, Moody, Frost, for example); and in the twelfth grade it rested among contemporary writers of consequence, Poole, Merrick, Cather, Train, Walpole, Morley, and the like.

Let me try to have you visualize this picture of the growing quality in taste by presenting a book list of the volumes recently read by a typical boy and girl from each grade of the junior and senior high school. One can almost see the youngsters grow in discrimination and taste.

BOY

Seventh Grade: Tom Swift and his Phototelephone (Young); Ralph on the Midnight Flyer (Chapman); Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (Verne); Oliver Twist (Dickens).

Eighth Grade: Treasure Island (Stevenson); The Last of the Mohicans (Cooper); The Jungle Books (Kipling); The Dark Frigate (Hawes).

Ninth Grade: She Blows! (Hopkins); The Cruise of the Cachalot (Bullen); The Spy (Cooper); Two Years Before the Mast (Dana).

Tenth Grade: The Blazed Trail (White); Under the Greenwood Tree (Hardy); Westward Ho! (Kingsley); The Three Musketeers (Dumas).

Eleventh Grade: Hassan (Flecker); If (Dunsany); Others for 1917 (Kreymborg); Henry Brocken (de la Mare).

Twelfth Grade: Rough Hewn (Canfield); My Disillusionment in Russia (Goldman); Ariel (Maurois); The Egoist (Meredith).

GIRL

Seventh Grade: Ruth Fielding at Lighthouse Point (Emerson); Rose Mary (Bancroft); Jane Allen of the Sub-Team (Laurence); Betty Gordon (Emerson).

Eighth Grade: Boy Scouts of Birchbark Island (Holland); Animal Land (Colcord); The Black Arrow (Stevenson); Jack and Jill (Alcott).

Ninth Grade: A Bow of Orange Ribbon (Barr); The Little White Bird (Barrie); Peter and Wendy (Barrie); Jane Eyre (Brontë).

Tenth Grade: Silas Marner (Eliot); John Halifax (Mulock); Vanity Fair (Thackeray); The Honorable Peter Sterling (Ford).

Eleventh Grade: Les Misérables (Hugo); Island Nights' Entertainment (Stevenson); The Crock of Gold (Stephens); An Inland Voyage (Stevenson).

Twelfth Grade: Nocturne (Swinnerton); A Lost Lady (Cather); The Pigeon (Galsworthy); Hassan (Flecker).

III.

We did something more, however, than watch children grow; we made a conscious effort to increase strength, endurance and control of impulses. To spend five years in discovering that children do become older in time would not be much of a final announcement. That would be to follow the Bo Peep Theory of children's reading. If you let them alone I should not be willing to guarantee that they will *all* come home with their literary tails wagging behind them. They might, at that. Certainly I prefer the Bo Peep theory to the Old Woman theory, devised by a lady, you remember, who was stupidly satisfied when she had spanked them all soundly and had sent them to bed.

In our work with children we achieved our best results from a persistent use of the Slow Mandy theory, as suggested by the following text:

Slow Miss Mandy,
All her babies were fat;
They always wanted
What they couldn't get at;
On the very top shelf
She put the cream in a crock,
And she left the ladder handy
And the key in the lock.

Below is presented a picture of the reading taste of the eleventh grade after four years of the Slow Mandy treatment, the group representing boys and girls of about sixteen years of age. The books are the most recent reading of four boys and four girls, two pupils in each case being drawn from those highest in class ranking and two boys and two girls from those with the lowest class standing. I am not disclosing here which is which, or who is who:

BOYS

1. David Copperfield (Dickens); Vanity Fair (Thackeray); The Vicar of Wakefield (Goldsmith); The Pickwick Papers (Dickens).

2. Ballads (Service); The Daredevil of the Army (Corcoran); Luck on the Wing (Haslet); The World Set Free (Wells).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. David Copperfield (Dickens); A Tramp Abroad (Mark Twain); Stalky & Co. (Kipling); The Scarlet Pimpernel (Orczy).

4. All God's Chillun Got Wings (O'Neill); A Few Figs from Thistles (Millay); Carmina (Daly); The Riverman (White).

GIRLS

1. American Poetry Since 1900 (Untermeyer); Pictures of the Floating World (Lowell); The Hound of Heaven (Thompson); Henry Esmond (Thackeray).

2. Vanity Fair (Thackeray); Auld Licht Idylls (Barrie); The Green Hat (Arlen); Autobiography (Mark Twain).

3. Captain Blood (Sabatini); The Man Without a Country (Hale); Tom Sawyer (Mark Twain); Letters to His Children (Roosevelt).

4. The Garden of Folly (Leacock); The Pigeon (Galsworthy); A Lost Lady (Cather); The Story of a Round House (Masefield).

The Slow Mandy theory is worthy of a book, but all that I may do here is to make dogmatic statements about it as learned in a five-year experimentation; although in the volatile and unpredictable material called youth I have learned to discount dogmatism as simply the Freudian defense of superiority.

Perhaps that is the first dogmatic statement to make: never be dogmatic and never be superior. To sneer at taste is caddish at its best; and certainly it is futile. Taste is taste and should be respected at whatever level found. Second, taste grows through the stages of saturation and surfeit. When all the Motor Boat series have been read the fourth time the lad finds himself naturally ready for a slightly better grade of material. Third, and most important, that material should be at hand at just that precise moment. Without a large library and a gifted librarian our experiment would have brought us no worthy results.

Fourth, the material that is to lift the Motorboatist through the locks into the next level need not be really good in the adult or literary sense. Of course the Old Woman would cast it out the window as trash; but that is because she conceives taste as a leap from the ground floor to the roof. (I always picture her pitching her children to bed into the top of that prodigious boot. She lived, you see, before the day of steps.) A study of children's tastes will some day show us an inclined plane through many stages of inferior material up to those high literary standards over which teachers have customarily grown so frigidly ecstatic. Laura Zirbes will have something to say on this matter one of these days, I fancy, for her studies of very little children show the existence of these saturation levels in even the reading of first and second grade youngsters.

Fifth, an atmosphere of enticing suggestion must be set up, preferably by the children themselves. An honest enthusiasm from a child will easily convince another child of the worth of trying a book, while the most engaging smile of mother or teacher accompanied by that lulling voice of pumped-up delight—associated so often with bitter medicine—is as transparent to discerning youth as advertisements of fire sales.

Sixth, teachers, mothers, governesses and elder sisters must cultivate honesty. In the matter of reading we are all afraid of disclosing our real likes; so we advocate the world's best literature when in our hearts we know that for us at least it is often the world's worst. We fear that if we tell the truth—so we rationalize—our influence with youth will be gone. Well, that should not worry us, for, to speak only of æsthetics, that influence went long ago; and it will not come back until we elders cease playing safe on the matter of our personal tastes, for youth has ever been a foe to hypocrisy and pretense.

IV

One-fourth of the Slow Mandy theory has to do with the withdrawal of adult standards that do not correspond with child standards. Youth is the sole judge of what it likes. Another fourth has to do with honesty in recording personal reactions to reading. Youth finds honesty in this matter easy enough and needs no lessons in it, but for adults it is a stiff course with failure almost sure. Posing is so ingrained in us that few—let us be fair to ourselves—are even aware of practicing it.

So the Slow Mandy theory should begin not with children at all, but with classes for teachers, principals, superintendents of school, textbook writers, publishing houses, makers of courses of study, college entrance examiners, and finally governesses, elder sisters and literary mothers.

HUGHES MEARNS.

Epics and Fairy Tales

The Adventures of Ulysses, by Charles Lamb. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

Norse Stories, by Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Epic of Kings, drawings by Wilfred Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Donegal Wonder Book, by Seumas MacManus. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $2.

NEITHER The Adventures of Ulysses nor Norse Stories is a translation of an epic into such terms as children might understand; each is rather an essay towards the retelling of an epic. And an essay made in a perfunctory way. The Odyssey is the first as it is the finest of the great romantic creations. The Destruction of Asgard as we glimpse it through the prose and poetic Eddas might furnish a fitting mythology for our modern world: Fenrer the Wolf is but a symbol—or perhaps a prophecy—of great destructive forces like dynamite or T N T; the gold stolen from the dwarf might represent the greed that brings us into destructive wars; the battle that closes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ragnarok is like the catastrophic end of a recent war. But neither Charles Lamb nor Hamilton W. Mabie went into their epic material thoroughly enough to bring out either the romance or the fearful modernity: The Adventures of Ulysses and Norse Stories are pleasant, but not at all epical stories.

Think of the excitement, the sense of drama culminating, that should be felt by us as we watch Ulysses draw the bow, and then see what it amounts to in Charles Lamb's retelling:

> But when he had spent some little time in making proof of the bow, and had found it to be in good plight, like as a harper in tuning of his harp draws out a string, with such ease or much more did Ulysses draw to the head the string of his own tough bow, and in letting of it go, it twanged with such a shrill noise as a swallow makes when it sings through the air: which so amazed the suitors, that their colours came and went, and the skies gave out a noise of thunder, which at heart cheered Ulysses, for he knew that now his long labours by the disposal of the Fates drew to an end. . . . The upper rags which Ulysses wore fell from his shoulder, and his own kingly likeness returned, when he rushed to the great hall door with bow and quiver full of shafts, which down at his feet he poured, and in bitter words presignified his deadly intent to the suitors. "Thus far," he said, "this contest has been decided harmless: now for us there rests another mark, harder to hit, but which my hands shall essay notwithstanding, if Phœbus, god of archers, be pleased to give me the mastery." With that he let fly a deadly arrow at Antinous, which pierced him in the throat as he was in the act of lifting a cup of wine to his mouth.

The forcefulness and the dignity of epic incident and epic speech lacking in The Adventures of Ulysses and Norse Stories have been attained to in the present translation of Ferdusi's Shah Nameh. The translation is not a recent one; it is quite new to me, and having heretofore read these great Persian stories in a conventional verse translation I am delighted to find them so finely done in prose. Something of the dignity and simplicity that belong to the heroes of an epic is in this kind of writing:

> Now when Rustem was come to himself, he saw Shugdad, and he beheld in his face the joy felt of this evil man at this adventure. Then he knew that it was his brother that was his foe. So he said unto him,
>
> "It is thou who hast done this deed."
>
> And Shugdad said, "Thou hast caused many to perish by the sword; it is meet that thou shouldst perish by it thyself." Now while they yet spake, the King of Cabul came nigh unto the spot. And when he beheld Rustem, that weltered in his blood, he feigned a great sorrow, and he cried,
>
> "O hero of renown, what thing hath befallen thee? I will send forth my physicians, that they heal thee."
>
> And Rustem said, "O man of wile, the time of physicians is gone by, and there is none that can heal me, save only death, that cometh to all men in their turn."
>
> Then he said unto Shugdad, "Give unto me my bow, and place before me two arrows, and refuse not unto me this last request. For I would have them beside me lest a lion go by ere I am dead, and devour me for his prey."
>
> And Shugdad gave unto Rustem his bow; but when he had done so he was afraid, and ran unto a plane tree that stood near by. And the tree was old and hollow, and Shugdad hid himself in its trunk. But Rustem beheld him where he was hid, though the dimness of death was come over his eyes. He raised him from the ground in his agony, and he took his bow and bent it with force, and he shot an arrow and fixed Shugdad unto the tree wherein he was hid. And the aim was just, and pierced even unto the heart of this evil man, so that he died.

The Epic of Kings is likely to remain the handsomest children's book of the season: its pages are good to look at, and Wilfred Jones's designs from the sculptures of Persepolis and the later Sasanian rock-carvings make splendid decorations. The translation is by Helen Zimmern; it is not directly from the Persian but from a French version of Ferdusi; it does not give all of the Shah Nameh, but it gives the stories that are fullest of incident. Perhaps it lacks a little in exposition: the names of the Persian duality, Ahriman and Ormuzd, occur so often in the stories that it is necessary to impress children with some idea of their opposed powers from the start. This has not been done, and from the point of view of children's reading there are many sentences in the stories that are too allusive, like "So the beloved of Ahriman, Zohak the Serpent, sat upon the throne of Iran, the kingdom of Light."

When we open Seumas MacManus's Donegal Wonder Book we enter a world where story-telling is still a living art, and where we can yet listen to such men as preserved the stories that went to make up both the Odyssey and the Eddas. The stories that Seumas MacManus has brought together in this volume have often been told, but they are made different from the versions one might have read in other collections by the fact that they are not compositions or reconstructions, but living stories, with the storyteller's voice, the storyteller's special idiom behind them. Seumas MacManus was fortunate enough to have been brought up in Donegal when the Shanachie or traditional storyteller was still to the fore. And so he can get actual speech into his story, and can get the sense of things actually seen and felt—that sense which, after all, is the enduring charm of the folk-tale.

> We had to pass by the foot of the Fairy Fort takin' a short cut across the farm, and behold you! as we were passing it, doesn't Brigid, the girl, clap her hands and cry out, "Och, see the lovely wee well!" And there, sure enough, was the loveliest little new well ever you rested your eyes on, bubbling up clear, where none of us had ever known before. Says Brigid, says she, stooping down on one knee, "I'll have a sup out of it for good luck," and in the palm of her hand she lifted a sup of water to drink.

The stories in The Donegal Wonder Book are probably as ancient as story-telling man, and they have been told and retold through the whole of Europe and Asia. The story that opens the collection, The Wonders of the Three Donals, is an Irish version of the Three Calenders in the Thousand and One Nights, and in the Black Sheep the Cinderella story is told once again. But the tales have their own special character: they are Irish stories; moreover, they are Northern Irish stories, and the Ulster voice can be heard in the rhythm of the sentences. It is odd to find a balloon figuring in a story with the title The Cu Beag of the Willow Wood, but it shows that the art of the Shanachie in Donegal was recently living enough to be able to make use of a balloon. That art may yet be able to use an aeroplane. But something tells me that no Shanachie in Donegal will ever be able to get a Ford car into a story that will survive.

PADRAIC COLUM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indian Tales for Children

Skunny Wundy and Other Indian Tales, by Arthur C. Parker. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.

The Seven Cities of Cibola, by Aileen Nusbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Pueblo Boy, by Cornelia James Cannon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Kootenay Why Stories, by Frank B. Linderman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE season's output of Indian tales for children shows that glimmer of deliberate intelligence about Indians and their folk tales for which the reviewer who knows Indians has waited so long. For with the freshest field in the world for primitive material, we have with only a few exceptions succeeded in nullifying all the Indians' own primitive values and ignoring their salient contribution to literary form. Of the few writers who, choosing to deal with this material, have escaped offense, the majority have done so by pure accident of genius, rather than by intelligent avoidance. There was Longfellow, of course, who though he garbled the story of Hiawatha out of all resemblance to its Ojibway original nevertheless preserved a saving primitiveness, largely by his selection of an authentic aboriginal rhythm, with characteristically primitive patterns. Not himself a scholar in the field of American literature, Mr. Longfellow could not know—doubtful if anybody knew at that time—that there existed Amerind verse forms entirely adequate to the poet's need of them, and must be thanked rather than blamed for selecting, in the Finnish Kalevala, a form and movement of the same period and of nearly identical cultural level as the Hiawatha hero cycle. It is probable that the original Ojibway form cannot now be recovered, but the curious may find remnants of contemporary tribal sagas which would place it somewhere between the highly sophisticated Zuñi Creation Myth as translated by Frank Hamilton Cushing, and the obviously more primitive Omaha Tribal Lay by Francis La Fleshe. It would have been perhaps something like the verse forms in which Eda Lou Walton has undertaken to restate a few of the Blackfoot tales in her Dawn Boy, which should have a place in every collection of books of original Indian material for children. The reviewer reverts naturally to such attempts to render Amerindian ideas in authentic Amerindian form, and particularly to versification, since in the books under consideration, every sincere attempt to render what was probably always regarded as a prose form—something formal, but yet not completely organized—carries reminders of the tendency of orally preserved literature to revert to rhythm and repetitious pattern. The one, and so far as this reviewer knows, the only absolute example of Indian Tellings in Indian prose form, at the same time perfectly acceptable to the English-speaking reader, is Frank Hamilton Cushing's Zuñi Folk Tales.

One is reminded of Cushing in the above listed group of books, for one of them uses several of his original myths, and another, without conscious reference to Cushing, approaches his perfection of handling. In Skunny Wundy, we have the looked for rendition of Amerindian myth by an Indian (Gawaso Wanneh, otherwise Arthur Parker) without that unconscious deference to the classic modes of English literature which can often be traced even in the writing of so sincere an Indian as Charles Eastman. Not even an Indian, it seems, can go through Harvard without gathering traceable reminders. But Mr. Parker's tales come straight out of the Long House, in the true pattern of the Senecas, which is more or less the pattern of Stone Age Tellings the world over. Some of these tales have been told by other writers, but so far as the present reviewer can recall, always reshaped to the pattern of such European folk tales as, originating at about the same cultural date, have come down to us in forms modified by retellings all the way to the generation in which Lang and the Grimm brothers collected them. If the reader wished for an example of the way in which the evolving social outlook of Europe colored the Tellings of its own ancients, it could be found in the story of the Turkey Girl of Matsaki as originally related by Cushing and retold by Mrs. Nusbaum, in The Seven Cities of Cibola.

Here we have the original Cinderella, as it was told in the Stone Age, when the purpose of a Telling was to record the fruit of experience, and the "happy ending" of any tale was the consummation of the experience in the spiritual nature of the recipient, after the fruit had been gathered and eaten. In the earliest European versions of the tale, long before the social consummation of any adventure had been established by the marriage of the hero or heroine into the superior class or caste to which the adventure had led, it is probable that the story ended as it does in the Zuñi relation, in the terrible moment of unmasking, when the Turkey Girl, having violated the condition under which the gift was given, finds herself not only stripped of her fine clothes and ornaments, but of the responsibility which bound her to the community. Thus the moral of the tale would stand in an age in which all traffic with the powers was a matter of bargain. The happy ending which called for marriage with the Prince was the contribution of a much later age in which Princes as the upper caste of a completely stratified society had normally appeared. Mrs. Nusbaum, in her Seven Cities of Cibola, violates none of the essential authenticities in her version of the Pueblo tales, though her work suffers in literary quality by comparison with Cushing, being not quite free from that consciousness of the audience which subtly modifies the style of telling in most books written for very young children. It is, however, consistently simple and direct, and is on the whole the best adaptation of the mystical myths of the pueblos for children of twelve or under. One has in mind, in praising Mrs. Nusbaum's work, Elizabeth DeHuff's collection of Tay Tay's Tales, derived from practically all the New Mexican and Arizona pueblos. But Mrs. DeHuff deals with a group of animal myths which, by the time they were related to her, had already become, if indeed they were not always intended to be, even by the Amerindian authors, purely children's stories, in the manner of Linderman's Kootenai Why Stories. This is a continuation of the tales of origins for which Mr. Linderman has already established a reputation, and, without having the former volumes at hand for comparison, appears to conform more easily to the original Indian method of telling than do earlier collections. There is a flowing movement in the narration, such as is rarely absent from authentic primitive Tellings.

Cornelia Cannon's The Pueblo Boy is an attempt to describe in fictional form the life of a boy on old Acoma, at the time of the coming of the Spaniards. This romantic period of American history is so little worked that any tolerable account of it should have a cordial welcome. Miss Cannon's story has much to commend it for general veracity not only to the historical occasion, but to pueblo life so far as it has come down to us, and should prove valuable to schools, particularly in the Southwest, but has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little interest of form. Whether because of this neglect of form, or whether the failure to take account of form is antecedent to the failure of interpretation, The Pueblo Boy, though faithful in recording usage, has none of that secret and subtle illumination of primitive life which we learn to expect from writers about Indians, described objectively, as men like George Bird Grinnell and James Willard Schiltz describe them. These men not only know Indians, but they have so submitted themselves to its necessities that their work stands out not only as superb rendition of Stone Age life, but as excellent examples of how to write about adults for young people. For this is the rewarding way of literature when taken sincerely, that it adds to the final result not only what the author sought, but other, and often unsuspected, excellencies.

What is especially pleasing in this season's books, and in the illustrations in particular, is the good faith that is shown toward the tribal selection. In neither text nor illustration is there any of that scrambling together of totally unrelated items of custom or costume of which writers about Indians in the past have been so often guilty. In the Skunny Wundy tales, Will Crawford does not even find it necessary to revert to the romantic pre-history of Indian dress; and Miss Finnan has given to the Cibola myths an accuracy almost meticulous. The other illustrators have conformed equally to the facts of animal life and Indian environment; so that the way may be said to be cleared for that final rendition of our own folk tales which will place them alongside the classic myths of other countries.

MARY AUSTIN.

Little Machinery

Little Machinery, by Mary Sidell. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THE three-year-old boy whose father is a truck salesman didn't miss a single truck that passed us as we walked home from kindergarten. He was interested in everything about them—their size, the noise they made, what made the wheels go round. This little boy pays scant attention to the stories they tell him at school about giants and goblins and elves, because he has never seen any. But right from the start he liked Little Machinery.

Hardly able to follow the words read aloud to him, he was fascinated by each new picture—pictures looking like nothing else he had ever seen in his other picture books; Little Machinery with his crane, carrying the baby birds to their new home; Little Machinery working his hammer that goes by compressed air, "with which he makes nothing but noise"; Little Machinery with his clamshell dredge to help the beaver build a dam, and getting no thanks at all from that irate animal, "because he wanted to do it himself." The little boy, looking at these complicated but altogether delightful pictures, recognized the wonders of the mechanical world at which he had gazed when the new building next door was in process of construction.

But Little Machinery is not just a book for boys. The little girl, feminine enough to love devotedly several families of dolls, clamored for "more about Little Machin'ry." She learned a great deal from him, too. She liked particularly his planing shaving curls for the rabbits to hang on their ears. And the chilly looking hoptoad saying "Thank you" for the gay red and yellow coat that Little Machinery spun and wove for him, was classed by her among the more amusing incidents of a funny world.

It seems to make very little difference whether one belongs to the masculine or feminine sex, and one's age simply does not enter into the question. Little Machinery, "who grew up out of some pieces of a steam engine that was in a wreck, an old trolley car that couldn't run any more, and a broken automobile," makes an instant appeal to the imagination, partly because his pictures are charming and entertaining, partly because he uses his many mechanical parts to make such quaint things, and partly because he is a modern product belonging entirely to the world as the child of today knows it.

There have been many attempts to make use of the materials of the present day in literature for children, but in no book that I have seen has the technique of modern life been presented to the mind of the child in such a new and attractive way. Little Machinery has the enviable fortune of arriving in one rapid stride at the destination sought.

RUTH L. ASHENHURST.

Lucy Sprague Mitchell

Horses Now and Long Ago, by Lucy Sprague Mitchell. Maps and drawings by the author and many photographs. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THERE must be a reason to explain why of all the thousands of books for children published each year, only a very small number survive the tastes of one generation. Can it be that most of the books written and illustrated and published pleased the adults who worked on them more than the children for whom they were intended? Lucy Sprague Mitchell, for one, has no doubt about it. "I maintain we have never had one great writer for children," she wrote in the preface of her Here and Now Story Book published five years ago. "The best books we have are throw-offs from artists primarily concerned with adults—Kipling and Stevenson stand in this group—or child versions of adult literature—from Charles and Mary Lamb down— . . . When children have *their* Psalmist, *their* Shakespeare, *their* Keats, *they* will not be offered diluted adult literature."

What qualities, then, would characterize "concentrated childhood literature" (if I may coin an antithesis)? By what tokens are we to recognize the great writer for children when he or she arrives? Mrs. Mitchell is not one to throw the old favorites away without good reasons and a convincing substitute to offer. For more than ten years, she has been studying to find out what it is that children like and want and need in the stories contrived for their enjoyment. And she has done her research not in the libraries among books but among children in her home and in the City and Country School of which she is one of the most active supporters. She has not only told stories and watched for reactions, but she has listened to the stories children tell and, with the help of a corps of recorders, taken them down and analyzed them to see if there were any principles to be deduced from them.

Her temporary conclusions—for Mrs. Mitchell, like the real experimenter, is always looking for new facts that may reverse all her previous convictions—are that the content of the good story for a child must proceed, like all effective education, from the known to the unknown; that, since children take in impressions through their senses and interpret them through their muscles, "the world pictured for the child must be a world of sounds and smells and tastes and sights and feeling and contacts. Above all, his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early stories must be of activities and they must be told in motor terms." Furthermore—the plot is *not* the thing! It is of minor importance, if of any importance at all. "The pleasure a small child derives from the sense of completeness, the sense that a walk or a story has a beginning and a middle and an end, the real plot pleasure, is negligible compared with the pleasure he gets in the action itself. Small children's experiences are and should be pretty much continuous flows of more or less equally important episodes. They should have no climaxes, no sense of completion. The episodes should be put together more like a string of beads than like an organic whole."

That it is the old familiar thing a child finds most interesting is another of her observations. "It is only the blind eye of the adult that finds the familiar uninteresting. The attempt to amuse children by presenting them with the strange, the bizarre, the unreal, is the unhappy result of this adult blindness. Children do not find the unusual piquant until they are firmly acquainted with the usual; they do not find the preposterous humorous until they have intimate knowledge of ordinary behavior; they do not get the point of alien environments until they are securely oriented in their own. Too often we mistake excitement for genuine interest and give the children stimulus instead of food. . . . It is not that a child outgrows the familiar but rather that, as he matures, he sees new relationships in the old. If our stories would follow his lead, they should not seek for unfamiliar and strange stuff to intrigue him; they should seek to deepen and enrich the relationships by which he is dimly groping to comprehend and to order his familiar world."

"A story must stimulate, not merely inform" is another of her dicta. "This is the trouble with our 'informational literature' for children which assumes that if a child swallows a fact, it will nourish him . . . Literature must give a sense of adventure . . . but is it not possible to take children on adventurous excursions which they crave and should have, without so much killing of animals or men, and so many blood-thirsty excitements, and so much fake heroism?"

Children of seven or eight years and more who are able to leave the "here and now" for wider horizons want another kind of story—"they are beginning to generalize, to marshal their facts and experiences along lines which in their later developments we call 'laws.' They like these wide-spreading conceptions which order the world for them. But they cannot always take them as bald scientific statements. Moreover there are certain general truths which tie together isolated familiar facts which can be most simply pictured through some device such as personification. If we could think of the world as one great developing process in time and space in which we ourselves . . . are a point, it would substantially change our point of view about ourselves and the world we live in. It would turn our attention away from facts, as facts, to facts in relation to other facts, from a static picture to a picture of growth. Incidentally, it would inevitably change our teaching of history and geography."

So much for the content of the ideal literature for children—what about its form? The "pattern" is evidently "the thing"—if not the plot! "The adult more often than not has presented his stories and verse to children in forms which the children could not like because they literally could not hear them!" It is, I suppose, like feeding them Stravinsky when they are only ready to digest folk-songs. Mrs. Mitchell has found, in her analysis of children's own stories, that they have native "spontaneous art forms" which it would be well for us to follow and which consist, principally, of simple units set close together, or repetitions of words or phrases and a great use of onomatopœia—suiting the sound to the sense and using a word that sounds like the thing itself rather than the proper word one might expect to find in the dictionary.

It has been necessary to review these conclusions expressed by Mrs. Mitchell a few years ago by way of forming a background against which to criticize her second book Horses Now and Long Ago—one in which she may be expected to carry out her own suggestions, one in which she has "dared, if only to give courage to the better equipped." Her earlier stories were written for children up to seven; these are intended for their older brothers and sisters who "like wide-spreading conceptions that order the world for them." True to her theories, she has chosen the horse to personify—or dramatize—the evolutionary process and begun with the "here and now" going back to remotest times. Wishing to avoid the didactic book for which she evidently harbors a great dislike and the sugar-coated informational book which she detests no less, she has worked out a happy compromise by telling stories of famous horses who really lived to represent different historic eras, linking them ("episodes should be put together like a string of beads") with short chapters that read like a page from a good history book and that are frankly labeled as such by being set apart from the stories themselves with a warning head-and-tail piece! And, believing firmly in the glories of peace, she has included no warrior's horse in her collection nor has she, because of her insistence that fact should not be confused with fancy, given one printer's em to Pegasus!

Mrs. Mitchell wants this book judged as a book of stories—as literature for children—not as a contribution to the study of the social sciences. Which is just one of those perversities of human nature that make short blonde women wish they were tall and dark and the slim brunette to be a preferred blonde! For the book is a gorgeous contribution to the study of history and geography. It is a presentation of the workings of the evolutionary process which make it out to be the dramatic, thrilling thing it is. Its highly elucidating charts and maps showing the migration of horses, their distribution over the earth's surface, and how Tours became the birth-place of our modern horses; its amusing sketches by the author herself and the reproductions of drawings made in the times and the countries wherein lived the horse-hero of a given tale—all these things help to make this an incomparable first-aid to the classroom that will be hailed with loud huzzas by all the teachers in the country who are hard pressed to explain nebular hypotheses and Darwinian theories to inquiring little minds but—they do not make it good literature. They are good reading, corking good reading; they are well told tales; they are stimulating and informing and possessed of every good quality except a literary one. It is, evidently, one thing to formulate a pattern; another to do the weaving.

The great writer for children, I am beginning to suspect, will have to lift his feet free from the here and now, restore the wings of fancy to their place and soar away on the rejected Pegasus to the land where one's reach may exceed one's grasp. But, when he gets there and begins to put pen to paper it will be well for him to remember what Mrs. Mitchell found the needs of child-listeners to be—rhythm and repetition, old familiar things, more action than plot, more stimulus than information. For, if the hard-thumbed or dog-eared state and condition of all the copies of the Here and Now Story Book I have seen in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

homes of my acquaintance is any indication of nursery favoritism, its author has hit upon some fundamental truths about stories for children and has fathomed to a greater degree than anyone writing today what it is that the child-public wants.

EVA VB. HANSL.

"Teaching" English Literature

David Goes to Greenland, by David Binney Putnam; with a foreword by Cap'n Bob Bartlett; illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 167 pages. $1.75.

Deric in Mesa Verde, by Deric Nusbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 166 pages; illustrated. $1.75.

The Children's Own Book of Letters and Stories, by Maude Burbank Harding. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 221 pages.

Creative Youth: How a School Environment Set Free the Creative Spirit, by Hughes Mearns. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 234 pages.

MY qualification for writing about children's books is not unique, but it is thorough: as a pupil, as a writer, and as an occasional teacher of English I have performed all the blunders and stupidities which are associated with the practice of literature. As a child I wrote endless compositions about things which did not interest me, in a fashion that would not interest anybody else; as an adolescent, I imitated with reverence and humility all the worst writers who were lying around on the newsstands; as a teacher of literature, I have tried a score of tricks for arousing interest in literary works that I myself would heartily have loathed at the same age as my class. All these experiences have left me sceptical as to the value of "teaching" English literature: the only profitable methods, it seems to me, are contact and example and the student's own opportunity to mature. My first glimmer of literary ability came with my earliest adolescent love letters: my first appreciation of lyric poetry came slightly later, with my grief at being jilted. At college one man, Prof. Earle Fenton Palmer, *lived* poetry before my eyes; that was enough: the names, the dates, the rules, the tricks, the maxims, the platitudes of criticism all counted for nothing. It is only with a painful effort that I can now recall what a gerund is. Has anyone ever found that knowledge useful outside a classroom?

The books of Deric Nusbaum and David Putnam should not merely be put in the hands of other children, who will enjoy them, a little jealously, because of the marvelous opportunities these lads have had, one in the Mesa Verde National Park, that treasure hoard of archæology, and the other in the Greenland Expedition: they should also be given to every teacher of literature. Each book represents a very sturdy act of the will: anyone who has ever done a book knows that not the least difficulty is that of merely carrying the physical task through. What is the moral? The moral is that even an extensive exercise of prose is possible if one has something to write about; and failing this, it is as hard to write two pages as two hundred—and as unprofitable. I remember how we used to be encouraged to write about our summer vacations: children are still asked to write about their summer vacations! At the time, it was impossible: they came, and they went, and that was all. Now, I could write a full-sized novel about a single day of my youth; but that is because a great deal of experience has, so to say, rotted away and formed a humus to nourish other reflections. To attempt to extract prematurely something that comes naturally with time and experience is merely to inflict a dull mechanical task. At the time when the school schedule dictated that I should be doing "narrative writing" I was in fact, without scholastic stimulus, writing descriptions of new radio inventions for Modern Electrics; but that was not recognized as English in my school program.

Confronted with the fact that he must teach literature before the need for it arises in the child's life, or, should the need exist, without any reference to it, the conventional teacher has devised a whole armory of tricks and stratagems for inculcating an active belief in literary orthodoxy. Most of the tricks can be found in The Children's Own Book of Letters and Stories. This is in fact the old-fashioned book of rhetoric and composition, with the examples of "Girl, Age ten years" taking the place of Carlyle and Macaulay; and it parades the whole dreary apparatus of rhetoric, composition, grammar, syntax and good usage. This is a perfect example of how not to create English literature; if any proof were necessary, I should only have to quote a single exemplary poem—a perfect mosaic of dead clichés. Who on earth ever wrote an interesting story by remembering "the four main divisions of story-writing"—I Introduction, II Body, III Climax, IV Conclusion? In high school we were often required to hand in such an abstract analysis with our compositions; my own practice was the perfectly sound one of writing the essay first and extracting the analysis from it. To think of the parts of a sentence or the parts of a story in the act of writing it is like watching one's steps as one walks downstairs, the surest way to become nervous and to stumble. This kind of analysis has been the refuge of teachers of English, from the primary school to college, in order to conceal their own lack of taste and interest: not knowing by experience the function of legs, they perform marvelous acrobatics with crutches, and are surprised and hurt when they are told that these exercises never helped anyone to walk, leap, or run.

Miss Harding's book is typical of the pseudo-new education. You may recognize the pseudo-new by the fact that it preserves all the vices of the old methods by putting them in a bright contemporary dress, and by introducing numerous allusions to the marketplace and to practical life. What shall one say of a teacher of English who says: (p. 139) that "the question which tests the excellence of a book review is this, 'Will it sell the book?'" Do you think this is a mere slip of the pen? Alas no! for Miss Harding goes on: "A very sure way to write a successful book review is to imagine yourself a salesman or a saleswoman in a book shop." I make no comment on this statement; it outrages the ethics of even Grub Street. Instead of a dull analysis of George Eliot, the pseudo-new analyzes Edna Ferber: instead of mouthing the platitudes of Polonius it goes into raptures over the Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page. The most sterile old-fashioned methods were better than this. They did not disguise their aridity: and if the teacher of old elaborately mummified the remains of Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens he did not at any rate perform his funeral ceremonies over Laura Jean Libbey: he had enough taste left to select great figures for the ritual of interment.

Contrast the verses in the Children's Own Book with the real thing—the poems of Hilda Conkling or the verses written by the children of the Lincoln School, which are collected in the second part of Mr. Hughes Mearns's Creative Youth. Mr. Mearns's book is about something that is both real and wonderful—a method of teaching English

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literature which recognizes the way that English is used in life, and the way in which it is created, as an organic necessity, when the occasion for it arises. The conventional school sacrifices creation to correctness; and the correctness on which it prides itself is something essentially dead, a correctness afraid of slang, afraid of colloquialisms, afraid of "got," afraid of "grammatical errors" which everyone, in the haste of conversation, necessarily commits. To promote a taste and a passion for literature, Mr. Mearns cheerfully throws over all the current gear of analysis and dissection; he puts it in its proper place, as the mere amendment and proof-reading which are the last steps in publication. The proof of this method is in the second half of the book: the remarkable series of poems which the older pupils at the Lincoln School created between 1920 and 1925, poems that are not exercises, but vital necessities, that is, modes of achieving the psychic wholeness in which lies beauty. With such a demonstration to accompany it, Mr. Mearns's thesis needs no further backing. The teacher who could read these poems without being converted, or, to say the least, seriously undermined, is simply incapable of responding to literature. Just because literature is one of the great modes of living, any method that stifles appetite and kills taste is bad. And there is nothing quite so deadly as false canons and simulated appetites. As a student and a teacher I have suffered from both. Mr. Mearns has demonstrated that in the teaching of literature these things are not inevitable.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

From Out Their World

Winnie-the-Pooh, by A. A. Milne. With Decorations by Ernest Shepard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Eliza and the Elves, by Rachel Field. Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

ONCE upon a time, as the fairy tales say, a reign of terror prevailed in juvenile books, and unfortunate children were brought up on an enforced diet of morals and mush. Today, more and more often, authors and artists give to childhood an understanding of, and sympathy with its world that can spring only from those who, in spirit at least, are still of that world. The age of reformation has given way to an age of appreciation.

Winnie-the-Pooh, born to another home, would have been simply Teddy Bear. But Winnie-the-Pooh is beloved of Christopher Robin, the Christopher Robin of the two-year-old house in which we first met him, in When We Were Very Young. No ready-made adventures slashed out haphazard by a wilful author could be shunted off on this Bear of Very Little Brain, as the Pooh dubs himself in his occasional moments of self-contemplation. He is real Bear, seen through the discerning eyes of childhood. His tread may be lumbering, his mind slow, but little songs well up from his heart as he stumps through the forest with the Piglet, or does his Stoutness Exercises in the early morning. Even his bearish greed in the presence of Honey is appealing. We look on it as a lapse of memory, not a continual fall from grace. Any bear might be tempted to descend on Rabbit's larder so ravenously that his exit from the burrow becomes impossible. But who but Winnie-the-Pooh would ask wistfully, "Then would you read a Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?" And who but a Christopher Robin would "read that sort of book at the North end of Pooh" while "Rabbit hung his washing on the South end . . . and in between Bear felt himself getting slenderer and slenderer."

Living in the forest with Pooh's friends and followers—Piglet and Eeyore the melancholy donkey, Kanga and little Roo—Christopher Robin, like the Lady from Philadelphia in the Peterkin Papers, seems generally to be cast in the rôle of Back-Stage Adviser. But Christopher Robin would be the last one to begrudge the spotlight to this "Bear, Pooh Bear, Winnie-the-Pooh, F. O. P. (Friend of Piglet's), R. C. (Rabbit's Companion), P. D. (Pole Discoverer), E. C. and T. F. (Eeyore's Comforter and Tail-Finder)." And watching over Christopher Robin's shoulder as he extricates the Pooh from yet another muddle, we echo his thought in the same affectionate tone, "Silly old Bear!"

Exploring with Miss Field is not perhaps so broadly amusing, for the fun of elves is a secret fun and shivers into tinkling particles at the touch of human fingers. But when the hearty chuckles of the outer world have died away and we become attuned to the eerie quiet of Elfland, we could wish for no more delightful interpreter than Eliza who, bewitched in her cradle by the little people, in turn bewitches us. The gates of Elfland have swung ajar to her, and through them we hear silver songs, the "tinkle-tankle" of the sheep bells, and the baying of the Elfin Hound. Until at last, when

> . . . sweetly Elfin fiddles scraped
> And clearly shrilled the horn:
> "Child, Child, come back to Elfin Town
> For it's here that you were born."

we are fully persuaded.

The elves have laid their spell on Miss Mackinstry's brush and on her mind. It is difficult to see how either her work or Mr. Shepard's could be more closely knit to the books they decorate. The spirit of author and artist are one. The guardian angels of children must sing aloud when such books as these are born—and if the advance sales report of 78,000 copies on this new book of Mr. Milne is prophetic, the guardian angels of authors also. Which is just as it should be.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

The White Leader

The White Leader, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

STRAIGHT out of the early annals of Tennessee comes Alexander McGillivary, the White Leader who with an old grudge rankling in his soul makes himself chief of the Creeks and with the help of the Spaniards attempts to wipe out the white colonies in Tennessee, Kentucky and Georgia soon after the Revolution.

Not only has Constance Lindsay Skinner put real history behind this story but she has put real people in it.

Lachan McGillivary, the hero, canny Scot in all things, is a born frontiersman, a worthy follower of Boone and Sevier and his own cousin Silent Scot, whose story Miss Skinner has told elsewhere.

The fanatical White Leader, Creek and Scot by birth, has a power and fascination that draws you as it drew Lachan McGillivary, first against his will, and later for the love of him. A great man on the wrong side is White Alex.

Then there is Barking Water, the boastful, rollicking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

black Seminole with little real courage but faithful even while he is afraid, and Gypsy John and his turtle Oomy.

It had never occurred to us to associate humor with a turtle until we met Oomy but the way in which that slow moving, altogether indifferent Chelonian, bent only on catching flies, spoils a number of swift moving plots and rises in life until he becomes a "Turtle-god riding on Most Sacred Mule" is very funny. As for the "Most Sacred Mule," Susanna, she plays no small part in the story.

Like Silent Scot, Miss Skinner's book of last year, the story of the White Leader moves along at a lively pace. We are willing to predict it will receive an equally warm welcome from boys and girls who love a "history story" when it is told with so vivid sense of the people and the times out of which it has sprung.

JACQUELINE OVERTON.

History for Boy and Girl Scouts

Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout, by Stewart Edward White. Illustrations by James Daugherty. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

BEFORE reviewing this book, I should have shown it to an intelligent child of ten: taking my lead from his comment, I should be sure of making no mistakes. Living as I do among frostbitten adults, with frost sitting upon my own head, how shall I, a respectable admirer of children, venture what literature is "good" for the young? At the age of twelve, I read Alice in Wonderland with joy, but I also got a power of good out of a stray copy of Rabelais. In that day there were no Boy and Girl Scouts, likewise no entertaining history of Daniel Boone. Now there are both, purely designed for each other. Early I was told by history books that Boone, a God-fearing misanthrope, opened the Wilderness Trail into Kentucky, the dark and bloody ground. I knew better, because my grandmother told me better, but the whole picture of Daniel Boone presented to me was singularly unattractive. He had the disadvantage of being somewhat in the family, and his coon-skin cap and God-fearingness annoyed me.

Since reading this book by Mr. Stewart Edward White I feel better. Daniel Boone, wilderness scout, comes alive without the prunes of moral or the prisms of hero-worship. The story has the virtues of clear writing, historical correctness and even of symbolic truth: for if the legend of Boone has grown somewhat disproportionate, it is well to remember that these tales were remembered and told by his contemporaries. If it is not wise always to accept a man at the valuation placed on him in his own lifetime, it is not much wiser to reject it altogether later on.

It is clear that we shall have few legends left after the realistic-minded amateur historians have done with our national past: I tremble for Poetry and Patriotism, those twin forces that create a national culture. But no doubt the future has other plans and they will not be missed. Mr. White feels tenderly about legends: anxiously he seeks to preserve this homespun epic for the young. After examining carefully the documentary evidence, he has thrown away little of the old material: we read of log raisings, quilting bees, backwoods weddings that enliven the hardships, the Indian raids and the tortures endured with equanimity by uniformly heroic women and strong men. He describes their background, and it is easy to believe that only the adventurous, the foolhardy, or the desperate would have been in such a place. One chapter especially pleased me: quite a full account of the pioneer fire-arms, their bullets and powder horns, their equipment and technique of marksmanship. The author takes pains to explode James Fenimore Cooper's painstaking inaccuracies, he speaks severely of plain and fancy liars. Daniel Boone is not magnified beyond life-size: he becomes a reasonable hero, and so does Simon Kenton. The Indians, too, are humanized; any fair-minded child will at once see their side of the story.

The book is very handsome, large and well bound, with a thin clear type. If the pictures are beautifully reproduced, and in brilliant colors, they also confuse me a little: the design seems too sophisticated even for children. How am I to judge? I buy only those books for children illustrated by Pamela Bianco. Pictures or not, boys and girls will probably like this story, because it is a thrilling yarn, told with zest, and the author has resisted pointing a moral until the very tag-end. Even then he does not take unfair advantage of his reader, but tacks it on in a paragraph by itself, where any quick-witted child may spot it at a glance: and so close the book.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER.

The Doctor Dolittle Books

Doctor Dolittle's Caravan. Written and illustrated by Hugh Lofting. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

NO one who has heard boys and girls talk about Doctor Dolittle and seen their shining, reminiscent eyes, can deny his extraordinary hold on their affections. The reasons for this are more interesting than the blemishes in his creator's work.

Mr. Lofting has a vigorous imagination and inexhaustible invention. There are dramatic, exciting moments in his books. Read in Doctor Dolittle's Postoffice the story of the ship that, when the lighthouse lamp went out, was saved from running on the reefs by the combined efforts of the doctor, the sea-gulls, Dab-Dab the duck, and the canary who knew where the matches were. It is a thrilling, even moving chapter. Boys and girls love the sense of fun in the books, and reading them they chuckle to themselves—a good sign. The bringing together of the animal world and the world of men is an idea perennially fascinating to children. Nowhere has it been done more simply and convincingly, with so unforced a note.

The staunch little figure of Doctor Dolittle himself is the embodiment of pure kindliness, a quality which philosophers say the world needs today more than any other single thing. The depths of his compassion are as unplumbable as his hatred of injustice and cruelty. Whether it is a seal longing to escape from her tank to rejoin her afflicted husband in Behring Straits, or just a simple-minded old horse needing glasses, the good little man will do his best. If this hero were merely good and kind he might pall on the reader. But he is happy-go-lucky, improvident, ready to embark on any cause no matter how desperate; he is even just a bit ridiculous—but captivatingly so, one of those disarming people. In Doctor Dolittle himself lies the answer to most of the criticism of Hugh Lofting's work.

In his sixth and latest book, Doctor Dolittle's Caravan, the charm of the earlier volumes is lacking. The author is not as happy in his bird characters as in his animals. There are many dull pages. Nor are the faults so evident

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the other books overcome. Mr. Lofting's style has throughout been pedestrian. The language has been more commonplace and colloquial than the characterizations call for, and there have been ultramodern touches, plays to the adult gallery, that have no place in books for children. If anyone has been able to make a dent in the theory of the critical high hats that books in series tend to become ever more and more attenuated in interest it is Hugh Lofting, for Doctor Dolittle's Postoffice and Doctor Dolittle's Circus, the third and fourth books of the set, are almost as entertaining as the first and best-loved, Story of Doctor Dolittle. He must have a care, however, for even the appealing little round medical gentleman from Puddleby-on-the-Marsh who gave up his practice to become an animal doctor cannot withstand the assaults of too long an exploitation.

MARCIA DALPHIN.

Toro of the Little People

Toro of the Little People, by Leo Walmsley. New York: Doran. $2.

IF I were a boy or girl I should read with a most passionate attention this tale of African Pygmies. Before the end of the first chapter and at the exact moment when the Pygmies gather to the fire and the smell of roasting meat—from that moment I should be lost in the Forest of Always Night. I should follow the sanguinary affairs of the young megalomaniac Toro to their triumphant issues, accumulating as I went the generous bag allowed us by Mr. Walmsley—a buffalo, a leopard (a black one), a python, an okapi, an elephant, a wife and a baby! Good hunting. I should know every moment how happy I was in that forest where, when the torch was lit, "the forest gloom was rolled back by a ruddy glare which made the monstrous tree trunks move in and out," and where, when it rained, there would be shelter with Toro in his solitary hut. Before the entrance to that cosy little bivouac, so quickly made of the leaves and the branches of the forest, there would be Toro to build a fire Pygmy fashion—spinning between his flattened hands the sharpened stick that was set like a drill in the hole of the nether stick until in the tinder of dry leaves there would be a smoulder of smoke and a tinsel of fire, to be blown into flame. I should admire to see him make the poison for his arrows then and there, pounding up in his little wooden mortar his classic prescription of ants that had fed upon the cobra he had killed—and some leaves and bright berries.

I should sleep how deliciously while the rain drummed on the thatch that would be, in the Forest of Always Night, so difficult to see. I should eat with gusto and without a fork, the duiker that had been like a shadow—a little small shadow dodging from tree to tree—until Toro with an unpoisoned arrow had killed it. But oh, I should be wishing to know what it was. "What is a duiker?" I should be asking Toro; who would answer, "Why, it is a *duiker!*"

I should be knowing to a man how many men had passed on a trail, and to a quarter of an hour (yes, Mr. Walmsley, you said *a quarter of an hour)* when they had passed. I should be blood-brother to the noble Okello, as Toro was, and I should delight to kill his enemies, especially from the trees—as all the most accomplished Pygmies do. And at the end, coming out of the Forest of Always Night into the glare of common day, I should feel and swear that I had indeed been with the Pygmies.

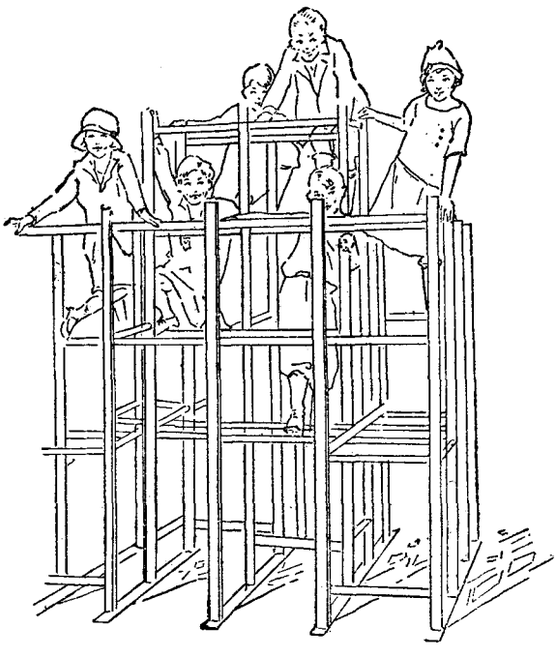
And this would be, to an extraordinary degree, the truth,

JUNGLEGYM JUNIOR

Patented October 23, 1923; March 25, 1924

A Play Apparatus

"a most satisfactory Gift to a group of children."



JUNGLEGYM satisfies the youngster's eternal instinct to climb and to play while climbing.

It gives wholesome exercise for the whole body, especially for arms and shoulders, too often underdeveloped.

It invites group-play without friction. It is a scaffolding on which the young imagination builds.

It is safer than any other Player-apparatus.

It is universally attractive to children from 3 to 12.

It entertains a dozen or more outdoors or indoors on an area 5x7 feet.

It is substantially built for long service.

Over 300 units in use throughout the United States, enthusiastically recommended by teachers, parents, social workers, playground authorities.

Price $50., f.o.b. Boston

Address

JUNGLEGYM, INC.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dutton's

Books for

Boys and Girls

were a notable feature of Fall publishing seasons long before Children's Book Week was thought of.

Send for our illustrated list.

Since the publication of this catalogue we have made the price of the following classics in editions with beautiful plates in colors $2.00 instead of $2.50 as heretofore, an exceptionally low price for such finely printed books.

Fairy Tales from Andersen
Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas.

The Water Babies
By CHARLES KINGSLEY

Fairy Gold Old English Fairy Tales, chosen by Ernest Rhys.

The Swiss Family Robinson
With Folkard's plates.

Pinocchio Translated from the Italian of C. COLLODI.

For Children Four to Eight

Captain Sandman
By MIRIAM CLARK POTTER
More of her delightful "Pinafore Pocket" stories. $2

The Adventures of Johnny T. Bear
By MARGARET J. McELROY $1.50

Short Stories for Short People
By ALICIA ASPINWALL $2

A Ride on a Rocking Horse
By RAY M. GARNETT $2

Careless Jane
By KATHARINE PYLE $1.25

Verotchka's Tales
By MAMIN SIBERIAK $2

For Children Eight to Twelve.

What Happened in the Ark
By M. WALKER and G. M. BOMPHREY $2

Granny's Wonderful Chair
By FRANCES BROWNE $1.50

Shen of the Sea
By ARTHUR CHRISMAN
Winner of the Newbery Medal $2

Billy Barnicoat
By GREVILLE MACDONALD $2

A. A. MILNE,
Author of "When We Were Very Young," has done it again. His new book

Winnie-the-Pooh

Illustrated by E. H. Shepard, is deliciously funny $2.00

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

for there is, in youth, a journey of the mind, and Mr. Walmsley has cut the trail for such a journey. He has not betrayed the traveler by false or silly rumors. This is an honest book, for all it is a tale of super-adventure. It is true that you must be prepared to slay a daily dozen of your enemies, if not to bury them. But so did young Harry hope to do, when he put his beaver on.

It may be that some day, upon second thought, you might wish to ask Mr. Walmsley, "Did Toro not really mourn his dead father? Was there not a little whispering wail in the dawn and was not that the wailing of Toro remembering his father?"

And was Toro indeed without religion, as Mr. Walmsley has claimed him to be? And he who smells of Pygmy fires —is there no Pygmy charm upon him? And he so great a youth! How, without a charm, can this have come to be?

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE.

A Misplaced Movie

Daniel Du Luth, or Adventuring on the Great Lakes, by Everett McNeil. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THIS book would not merit any extended comment were it not for the fact that it is Mr. McNeil's thirteenth juvenile. He must have a following, and a profitable one, for one publisher sponsors ten of the titles.

Perhaps in the days when I devoured Henty—thirty-odd in one winter—I might have relished McNeil, for both authors employ an historical background. Henty, however, was accurate in his history and careful in his writing, while McNeil fails even to spell the name of his hero correctly. Daniel Greysolon, Sieur du Lhut, whom he calls the "Robin Hood of Canada," and whom he seeks to "popularize," spelled his name as we have given it, whereas McNeil prefers Du Luth, possibly with the idea of impressing upon the minds of his young readers that the city of Duluth was named in his honor.

Du Lhut was one of the most colorful of the early French explorers, and if some competent writer has not already presented him in true perspective for young North Americans, there is a fine opportunity for a convincing tale. (Charles J. Finger please note.)

GEORGE F. THOMSON.

Morals in Friendly Calico

Marge, by Nelia Gardner White. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company. 224 pages. $1.50.

SELFISH, popular Marge never realizes how tired mother is, as she leaves her in the kitchen with piled up dishes, while she goes rollicking off. Even after her accident she remains selfish. Gradually, however, the persistent kindness of her family and friends create within her a new warmth and loveliness. The moral is slightly stressed, for the story is gently paced in keeping with the drowsy country background.

Ministers' families always make a virtue of their poverty, but this large and jovial family succeed particularly well. Their heroism and adventures centre around their homely existence. When a thousand dollars must be raised for an operation it is gathered bit-wise; a loan of three hundred dollars from the village doctor, who has no other savings; the sale of the minister's Black Regiment, a bible encyclopædia; the sale of four patchquilts, on which the sister has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worked all her girlhood; the postponement of college by both a brother and the friend responsible for the speeding and accident.

They banged doors, and whistled, and raced up and downstairs to the attic kingdom that they built for sick Marge. There they did geometry, drank cocoa, and read aloud to each other. From the windows they could see the doctor's beloved garden, quaint with hollyhocks.

On Christmas Eve, after trimming their tree, they sang carols, though it was also the eve of the operation.

Never before, in America, had the Austrian surgeon seen such wholesome family life. He begged the privilege of giving his services. But the tired mother gratefully refused the offer, so that her children's sacrifice might remain such in their memories. REBECCA HOURWICH.

Picture Tales

The Adventures of Johnny T. Bear, by Margaret J. McElroy, illustrated by James Daugherty. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

THE droolings of infancy are unavoidable, but in making an appeal to childhood it is unnecessary for the author to drool back. On the contrary, it is interesting and important to offer children tales with some sort of flavor. As well feed them bread without salt as books without literary value. Jimmie the Ink's animated drawings do much to galvanize The Adventures of Johnny T. Bear into a semblance of life, but the torpid narrative nevertheless lies stretched out on flat page after flat page while the lively and entertaining pictures shoot through the book like skyrockets.

Valery Carrick's Picture Folk-Tales. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

VALERY CARRICK recounts a few uncommon folk-tales in a fluent and engaging style. The selection is a delightful one, guided perhaps by a sense of the droll. Both the stories and their beautiful sly illustrations are full of a delicate mirth and fall in the class of such really educational works as Alice in Wonderland.

The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie, by Neely McCoy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE TALE OF THE GOOD CAT JUPIE is a modest story for the very young indeed filled with perfectly harmless illustrations depicting for the most part a nice black-and-white cat behaving in a homely way. But this innocent and agreeable little work has been unaccountably and lengthily prefaced. Why ten pages are given over to a small treatise on education by James Stephens is indeed mysterious, though certainly it does not detract from the value of the book.

The Shadow Cut-Out Book, by G. F. Scotson Clark. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.

THE SHADOW CUT-OUT BOOK is an entertaining game in book form. It is obvious that the shadow shapes when carefully and properly cut out will perform as expected and would afford amusement. That they would require precise snipping is equally obvious; and something tells us that, in some cases at least, the enslaved governess or nurse-maid will do the actual work.

PEGGY BACON.

David Writes Another Best Seller

DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND

By DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

Author of "David Goes Voyaging"

Last year to the Sargasso Sea with William Beebe and the Arcturus—this year to the frozen north with Bob Bartlett, Peary's old skipper! What an experience for a thirteen year old boy. Every lad who envies David can get all the thrills of the actual expeditions by reading David's own accounts of what he saw, what he did, and what happened. Here is another book "by a youngster, for youngsters." Lavishly illustrated with drawings by the Eskimo, Kakutia, and with 47 photographs. $1.75

DERIC IN MESA VERDE

By DERIC NUSBAUM

This second volume in the series of books "by youngsters, for youngsters," is a boy's fascinating account of his life in Mesa Verde National Park, in the cliff-dwellers' country of Southern Colorado, where his father is Park Superintendent. Deric is a boy scout and an amateur archæologist; he is interested in Indian ruins and Indian legends, in birds and wild animals. He has written a book for all boys and girls. Illustrated, $1.75

THE TREASURE OF THE ISLE OF MIST

By W. W. TARN

Here is a tale packed with the lore of East and West, with an unforgetable, small heroine and other delightful characters. You will love Fiona, and her father the Student, and you will be well disposed towards the Urchin. But Jeconiah,—well, you must decide for yourself. $2.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New York **London**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you know what your children are thinking about?

CULTIVATE their confidence and friendship—understand their moods and ways of reacting to the life about them—guide their reading, if you would be sure of not becoming a stranger to your children's thoughts.

CHILDREN, *The Magazine for Parents* brings you wise help and counsel in every issue. Its authoritative and interesting articles cover every phase of a child's mental, moral and physical development from babyhood through adolescence.

The November issue is typical:

Enlightened Parenthood—*an editorial message by Sidonie M. Gruenberg*
History, the Truth and the Child *by Hendrik Willem van Loon*
New Ideas on Discipline *by William H. Kilpatrick, Ph.D.*
We Don't View With Alarm—*A Picture Page*
Tantrums *by Frank Howard Richardson, M. D.*
Bobby's Cold *by Ruth Strang*
Getting What You Expect *by Helen L. Kaufman*
Sunlight and Cod-Liver Oil *by Anne Pierce*
They All Meet in Washington *The Parents' Pictorial*
Manhood Goes to the Tubs *by Ruth Sapin*
The Day Is Saved for Small Sister
This Child Became a Queen
Buying the Gift to Fit the Child *by Minetta Sammis Leonard*
Constructive Fun *by the Playground and Recreation Association of America*
Clothing and Behaviour—*Selected Patterns for Children's Clothes*
Training the Appetite—*Recipes and Menus for Children*
Study Programs—*Prepared by the Child Study Association of America*

Monthly guide to best reading for both children and parents

Reviews of Books for Children, by Marian Cutter of the Children's Book Shop, New York City, and Reviews of Books for Parents, by the Bibliography Committee of the Child Study Association of America, are regular features.

The November issue is already out. Make sure of your copy by subscribing now on the coupon below.

CHILDREN The Magazine for Parents — 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2.50. Enter my name on your subscription list for one year.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....*State* .....

Foreign postage 50 cents extra. N.R. 11-26.

Perils on Land and Sea

Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice, by Frank T. Bullen, Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.50.

On To Oregon, by Honoré Willsie Morrow. New York: William Morrow and Company. $1.75.

Pedro of the Black Death, by C. M. Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The Boy Explorers in the Pirate Archipelago, by Warren H. Miller. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.75.

WE ARE called upon now and then to marvel at how much a human can endure, when he is forced to battle with the elements. He becomes tempered by storms, and learns through stern experience to husband his energies and to armor himself against the furies. Men on sailing ships had to face terrors the landsman could not know; yet there were other terrors along the rough trail over which the home-seekers of eighty years ago pushed westward with cattle and plows.

There is reality in Frank T. Bullen's novel. He served long before the mast, and is one of the few who can write of actualities of the oceans. This is an authentic narrative of a youth who, wearying of town life, entered the British mercantile marine.

A strange new world, the barque Sealark. A hungry ship, and young Brown was to learn how miserable he could be made by the mate and by older apprentices. And as months went by, he suffered cold and hunger, shivered at the wheel and on watch, was battered by gales. Conflict arose between the mate and a drunken captain, mutiny threatened, there were bloody fights on board.

She was an iron ship. In an East Indian hurricane her topmasts and gear were torn away, and she limped toward Anjer. Then a thin spiral of smoke curled up from a ventilator; the cargo of coal was afire. Long anxious days followed, with all hands laboring at the pumps to drown the fire—until the Sealark was so low with the weight of water that they dared pump no more. That peril, too, was survived.

Too bad the illustrator, Stephen Reid, did not read beyond page eight of this story, or he would have known that the barque involved was the Sealark, and not the Skylark, as he has made it in his pictures.

It is refreshing to hear that Dodd, Mead are bringing out a new, finely illustrated edition of Mr. Bullen's superb story of old-time whaling, The Cruise of the Cachalot.

Once more Honoré Willsie Morrow has utilized the migration to Oregon in the forties as a literary theme. In On to Oregon she has done a more convincing job than in her novel We Must March, holding more closely now to the historic facts of the covered wagon pilgrimage to the West.

We are told of John Sager, who, at thirteen, by the death of his parents en route across the plains, is confronted with the responsibility of taking six smaller children through the Indian country to the Willamette valley. Rather than have their numbers broken up by well meaning adults, these seven leave the emigrants' cavalcade at night and for many days struggle on by themselves. Kit Carson becomes a friend of the Sagers, and they are able to repay his favors with important service. Ragged and footsore, they plod on, until they come to the Whitman mission near the Columbia.

Again it is too bad that Mr. Crawford, illustrator of this work, did not read the context carefully. Facing page 136 he shows John Sager coming downhill carrying a gun. But Mrs. Morrow shows that at that moment John was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carrying his baby sister, and that the guns were in the wagon. Facing page 232 Mr. Crawford pictures John as carrying three-year-old Matilda in his arms and the baby on his back, whereas Mrs. Morrow at that juncture has Matilda on John's back and the baby in his arms.

Pedro of the Black Death is a capital pirate story, told by a youth who is captured by sea-robbers on his first voyage with his father. Mr. Bennett writes with a sure hand, and the tale grows steadily in intensity. Desperate men move through its pages. One looks upon the cruel sport of pirates with their captives, scuttling of worthy ships, hiding of treasure on Golden Isle, to be guarded by Red Roy's ghost, search for it by a murderous dwarf, capture by cannibals, rescue by pirates, defense of a headland, attack upon a cave, entrapping the worst of the scoundrels, and Abe Mitchell's revenge upon him. Tooth and nail predominate, and men's lips are closed by stopping their heartbeats. One grows breathless in this world of danger.

Warren H. Miller is a better writer of books on camping out than a fiction writer. His works on hiking are sound. But in this pirate story he becomes illogical. Two American boys penetrate Celebes with a natural history expedition. One of them, Nicky, sets out with two friendly natives to explore an island. He catches birds, blows eggs, makes photographs. A native proa approaches the shore. It is armed with navy guns. One is fired at Nicky's party; a solid shot rushes over their heads and tears into a cliff.

But Nicky shows no fear. "Saved me a lot of pick work," he says laughingly. Then another shot strikes their boat not ten feet from Nicky. But Nicky still is unafraid. He doesn't even move out of range, but lifts a rifle, fires five times, and wrecks the proa's bows. Then he sends a TNT shell into the water close to a second proa. The explosion deluges her.

Don't Mr. Miller's boy heroes ever feel any fear of cannon-fire? Nicky's nonchalance recalls fearless young fellows I used to read about in five and ten-cent novels in the nineties—danger-baiting lads in the American Revolution, the Civil War, the Wild West, and the New York slums. Too brave to be real. JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

For Little Children

Carrots, Just a Little Boy, by Mrs. Molesworth, illus. in color by Marion Oldham. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

ALTHOUGH this story was written more than fifty years ago, it keeps the freshness of yesterday. The children are real children, and the grown-ups, with their peculiar stupidities and sudden divinations, real grown-ups. Even the occasional moralizings are made palatable, and the attractive make-up of the book adds much to its charm.

The Fairy of Intra, by Johanna Spyri, translated by Elizabeth P. Stork, illus. in color by Margaret J. Marshall. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

THE young are said to enjoy Miss Spyri's Pollyanesque tales. This particular lump of sugar makes it hard for me to understand that fact.

The Enchanted Flivver, by Berton Braley. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. New York: The Century Company. $2.

THIS highly diverting account of the adventures of a boy with a magic Lizzie, under the guidance of a fairy poet, is in the vein of Alice in Wonderland. The

THE UNIQUE BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Treasure Ship

Edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith

JOHN GALSWORTHY: The Two Bob-cats
HILAIRE BELLOC: A Reproof of Gluttony
VISCOUNTESS GREY OF FALLODON: Round the Bird Shops
HERBERT ASQUITH: The Lion
LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH: Swell-and-Spread
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE: The Milkmaid's Song
A. P. HERBERT: Fat King Melon and Princess Caraway
EDWARD MARSH: The Hare and the Tortoise
J. M. BARRIE: The Blot on Peter Pan
DENIS MACKAIL: The Lemon Sponge
WALTER DE LA MARE: Ann's Aunt and the Bear
P. G. WODEHOUSE: Pillingshot, Detective
COMPTON MACKENZIE: Old Eyes for Young
A. A. MILNE: "Sneezles"
ALGERNON BLACKWOOD: Toby's Birthday Presents
MARY WEBB: "A Marriage Has Been Arranged"
LORD DAVID CECIL: The Disappointing Dream
ADELAIDE PHILLPOTTS: Kaspar and the Red Slippers
KATHERINE TYNAN: Christmas Trees

Famous artists contribute drawings in color and black and white

$2.50 at bookstores Charles Scribner's Sons

For the Children's Very Own Bookshelf

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S CARAVAN
By HUGH LOFTING
Author of "The Story of Dr. Dolittle," etc.
The amusing adventures of the popular little doctor with his animal theatrical troupe and canary opera. *76 illustrations by the author.* $2.50.

WINTER AT CLOVERFIELD FARM
By HELEN FULLER ORTON
The fourth of the popular Cloverfield Farm Stories, portraying the joys of winter in the country. *Illustrated.* $1.00.

LETTERS FROM UNCLE HENRY
By HENRY B. MASON
Delightful letters that are really stories of Uncle Henry's adventures with his little friends Susan and Joe and the dog Milke. *Illustrated.* $2.00.

THE COMPLETE PLAYCRAFT BOOK
By PATTEN BEARD
The cream of Miss Beard's playcraft creations, with many enticing new craft plays using spools, nuts, fruit and paper. *Illustrated.* $2.50.

For complete description of these and our many other unusually interesting new books, write for a free, postpaid, Holiday Catalog, 48 pages, illustrated.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
443-4th Ave. New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Child's Reading— And Your Own!

You will find ideas on both in

The Progressive Parent

The October Issue of

Progressive Education

A Quarterly Review of the Newer Tendencies in Education. The Magazine of The Progressive Education Association.

Head your winter reading list, and begin a new subscription, with this number.

It will contain a dozen valuable articles for parents written by parents, including a bibliography of special interest.

The Progressive Parent

The single issue fifty cents, a year's subscription, including membership, two dollars.

The Progressive Education Association,
10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

Herewith my check for one year's subscription to Progressive Education.

Name .....

Address .....

A Christmas Gift For Children That is Different

LAD: And Other Stories $1.50

BY BERTHA PALMER LANE

Written for children to read—also most delightful to act. Mrs. Lane steals Shaw's way of chatting with his readers in his stage directions, making the play most inviting to young readers. Three outdoor plays and three Christmas ones are included and the whole is alluringly bound and illustrated.

The Womans Press

600 Lexington Avenue New York

The Woman's Press:
600 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Please send me for the $1.50 enclosed a copy of the charming book of plays for children.

M.....
.....

narrative moves rapidly, the puns are good, the frequent ballads hum, and the employment of modern mechanical devices as fairy-tale properties is most successful.

The Flying Kingdom of Kurio, a story for children by William Rose Benét. Illustrated by Janet Smalley. New York: Doran. $2.

A TEDIOUS tale of adventures incredible but uninteresting. The illustrations are the most entertaining part of the book. BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Native Drums at Sunset

Prester John, by John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Adventures of a Younger Son, by Edward John Trelawny. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ONCE in a while a book of romance comes along which will not let go of you until you have read it to the end. Such a book is Prester John, by John Buchan. The story has to do with the adventures of one David Crawfurd, in Scotland and South Africa. With the heading, The Man on the Kirkcaple Shore, the first chapter opens with the words: "I mind as if it were yesterday my first sight of the man. Little I knew at the time how big the moment was with destiny, or how often that face seen in the fitful moonlight would haunt my sleep and disturb my waking hours."

That man on the shore was a black clergyman from Africa named John Laputa, who had preached that day in the local church. Near the water's edge he had stripped off his ministerial garments and was marching around a fire uttering incantations.

Subsequently David's uncle obtained for him a position as assistant storekeeper at a lonely inland spot in the dark continent. Here the boy, now nineteen, discovered a mysterious conspiracy afoot among the natives. It was a gathering of tribes for a rising against the whites, led by Laputa, who was accepted by his people as the descendant of Prester John, the legendary Christian king of Abyssinia in the fifteenth century.

How young Crawfurd was drawn into this weird revolt, and how he matched wits with Laputa and the Portuguese plotter Henriques with the shadow of death long upon him, is a tale that shall not now be told. In it is the glistening of many spears, the gleaming of dark bodies in the sun, the roaring of a native devil in the mountains, the feeling of being spied upon at every turn by unseen eyes in the bush, the swimming by night of a river where wild animals come to drink, and the beat of drums at sunset to call the tribes to war. What a story!

Adventures of a Younger Son has to do with the career of a boy in an old English family, who, having got into scrapes at school, is put into the navy by a wrathful father. This is a new edition of a novel written by Edward John Trelawny in 1830. Trelawny was a friend of Shelley and was Byron's companion in the Greek war of liberation. The time of his story is that of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar. Drafted on board a guardship, the narrator deserts in an Indian port, and joins an Arab privateer, of which he is given command.

An enduring book, this; crisp in style, with the tang of the sea-wind in it and the redolence of Far Eastern bazaars. Republishing Trelawny's classic after many years is a distinct service. J. N. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smoky, Wild Mustang

Smoky, by Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

SMOKY was a horse, a wild mustang colt, caught, broken, stolen, but faithful to the end—a one-man horse. His career is told in a breezy, consciously uncultured but nevertheless rather attractive, often really charming, manner. Mr. James's easy-going knowledge of what happens inside Smoky's head would make D. H. Lawrence, with his cosmo-behavioristic portrait of the stallion St. Mawr, howl with scorn, and his lending of biped motives to his gallant quadruped brands him as a "nature-faker," though one of a most guileless and readable sort. If a man loves the wild earth and a wild horse sufficiently, his affection is bound to win ours in the end, no matter how flagrantly he tames the savage animal with his mind and pen. Throughout the book one finds a good-humored, simple, wide-hearted spirit—which is a thing so rare that one always looks forward to meeting it again.

R. L.

The Hunter, by Ernest Glanville. Illustrations by J. Abbey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE HUNTER, a novel of Bushman life, is a vigorous and beautiful tale, unique and full of surprise. Mr. Glanville has an intimate knowledge of the jungle and its strange inhabitants. Their hunts, fights, fears and superstitions, their loves, feasts and home life, he records with a great wealth of detail that glows vividly with the magic born of imagination. He keeps his characters close to earth, their vision is direct and primitive, and each utterly personal and human. Their adventures are extravagant incidences, told with pure simplicity, and everything is an adventure. The illustrations, clear and vigorous, are well suited to the story. The Hunter is a novel for older children, and for adults, too.

C. B.

Jason and the Princess, by Katherine Colville. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

ALBERT RUTHERSTONE contributes four of his decorative and characteristic color drawings to Miss Colville's tale of young Jason, the sea captain's son, and the little princess who goes to sea with him as stowaway in his father's vessel. The result is a tiny quarto beautifully made and more than usually attractive.

M. W. B.

With Taro and Hana in Japan, by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto and Nancy Virginia Austen. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 120 pages. $1.

TARO, age ten, and his sister Hana, eight years old, who have never known anything but Ohio, are taken by their mother to visit their Japanese relatives for the first time. Little American readers will enjoy with Taro and Hana the visit to the old-fashioned home of the grandmother in the country and enter into the spirit of the Doll Festival and the Boys' Festival. The normal life of modern Japanese children and customs and legends so different from our own are simply and easily woven through the slender thread of narrative.

E. W.

To be read for your children's sake

Education And the Good Life

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER joins John Dewey, Henry Noble MacCracken and other noted educators and men and women of affairs in recommending it to you. She writes:

"It is an event of the utmost importance in the educational world (indeed in the whole world) when a first-rate human intelligence occupies itself with the question of how young children should be helped to prepare themselves for life.

"To me, Mr. Russell's humane book was like a long draught of sparkling, living water from a mountain spring, which gives new courage to climb."—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, in *The World Tomorrow.*

5th Large Edition $2.50

The Revolt of Modern Youth

by JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY and WAINWRIGHT EVANS

YOUTH lears for itself what society dare not teach. What it is learning and how it is getting this uncharted education is told fearlessly and truthfully by Judge Lindsey. The sponsors of this important book include such names as Havelock Ellis, Clarence Darrow, Rupert Hughes, Inez Haynes Irwin, Floyd Dell, Harvey O'Higgins, James Harvey Robinson, Luther Burbank, Fannie Hurst, David Starr Jordan, William Allen White and Thomas A. Edison.

8th Edition $3.00.

Boni & Liveright
NEW YORK
B&L GOOD BOOKS B&L

Children's Interests in Reading

By A. M. JORDAN, Ph.D.

Professor of Educational Psychology in the University of North Carolina

A STUDY of the reading interests of more than five thousand children, boys and girls in grades and in high schools. This study has revealed that children and young people in various localities, in states as different as Kansas and North Carolina, have essentially the same preferences for books and magazines. The author's three months observation in the children's rooms of public libraries in and around New York City has made available lists of books essentially wholesome and of proved interest.

This volume also contains reviews of three previous works on this subject; lists of interesting books arranged by age and grade; comparative percentage tables of types of books and magazines read by children first in 1917 and again in 1925, which show a surprising similarity; and, finally, a psychological interpretation of the reasons why boys and girls choose the books they do.

Besides its documentary value to students of education and educational psychology, this book will prove to be of considerable value to librarians in children's and young people's departments and to teachers of English in the grades and high schools. Giving, as it does, definite information on the materials which form the mental background of most children, the book is indispensable to anyone who is helping to form policies governing early education and training.

At all bookstores or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

Chapel Hill, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

The Phoenix School

A day and boarding school for boys and girls, kindergarten through high school. The school is founded on the principle that education is unfoldment, not accretion. It occupies a beautiful property of four acres. It is directed by D. H. Markham, who directs also the Markham Summer Camp for boys, at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

For booklet address: D. H. MARKHAM
2838 North 7th Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

BIRCH WATHEN SCHOOL
NEW YORK CITY

A Modern Day School for Boys and Girls

150 W. 94th STREET 147-149 W. 93rd STREET

CHEVY CHASE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL
Special Residence Department
for
Pre-Adolescent Children

Situated in Washington's finest suburb. Mild climate. Small residence group. Home conditions. Special attention to health requirements. Terms reasonable.

Chevy Chase, Md. STANWOOD COBB, Harvard, A. M.

SPRING HILL

A progressive school for boys and girls from 6 to 12. Healthful surroundings-Outdoor life-Creative activity.

Mrs. William Spinney Miss Dorothy Bull
Litchfield, Connecticut

TAHOMA

All year home school for limited number; children one to ten. Summer term opens June 1st. Individual guidance by college women.—For further information write Miss Grace Carney, Bernardsville, N. J.

CHILD STUDY GROUPS
for
Fathers and Mothers of Young Children
Fathers and Mothers of Adolescent Boys and Girls
Grandmothers, guardians, teachers, social workers, camp directors, etc.

Whatever your interest and needs, you will find this group work helpful and stimulating.

Write for information to

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 74th Street, New York City

For a Friend

Any subscriber may ask us to send a copy of this supplement, "Children and Their Books," to a friend. Just send your name and his to

Department B
THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street New York City

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Twenty-ninth Season opens Sunday, November 7th at 8 o'clock

IN THE GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION
Astor Place and 8th Street
WITH A CONCERT BY THE AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN—What is the Matter with Modern Ideas?

A course for Successive Friday Evenings.

First Lecture, November 12th, "The Loss of Intellectual Leadership in the Modern World."

FLOYD H. ALLPORT—"Personality and its Social Relationships," Tuesday, November 9th

BRUCE BLIVEN—"Debunking Our Politics, Sunday, November 14th.

Lectures with open forum discussion every Sunday and Tuesday evening from November to May

ADMISSION FREE

THE SCHOOL OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
In the small auditorium of
THE MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL
Lexington Ave. and 22nd St.

MARK VAN DOREN—Literary Critics of Our Civilization. *Seven Lectures. Monday Evenings.* **$1.50**

IRWIN EDMAN—Varietes of Metaphysical Experience. *Five Lectures. Wednesday Evenings.* **$1.50**

E. G. SPAULDING—Outlines of Philosophy. *Ten Lectures. Thursday Evenings.* **$2.00**

G. KINGSLEY NOBLE—Evolution: Facts and Theories. *Ten Lectures. Saturday Evenings.* **$2.00**

SCHOOL OPENS NOVEMBER 8TH
Season Tuition - - - $15.00
Single Lecture - - - .25

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE, 70 Fifth Ave. Watkins 7945

A Short Cut to Accurate Information

—a companion for your hours of reading and study that will quickly make itself indispensable for its wealth of ready information on just the questions which most often puzzle you. You will save time and insure accuracy when you have at hand

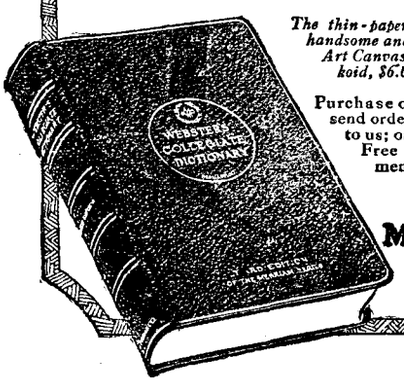
WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

The Best Abridged Dictionary

It is Based upon Webster's New International

106,000 entries from which to get exact definitions, spellings, pronunciation, and use of words; a dictionary of **biography** to identify characters of history or literature; a **Gazetteer** department to give salient facts about points of geography; a guide to rules of **punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations,** etc.; a dictionary of **foreign phrases** with pronunciation and translations; and many other features of practical value. It is a splendid book of **1256** pages with **1700** illustrations.

New Words—including the latest accepted vocabulary terms and important additions to the biographical and Gazetteer departments—such entries as *camoufleur, kinetophone, Latvia, Vimy, Hughes, Lenin.*



The thin-paper edition is especially handsome and convenient to handle. Art Canvas binding, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention this periodical.

G. & C. Merriam Co.
Springfield Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED